

"HOUSE"

screenplay

by

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based on a story

by

Fred Dekker

SECOND DRAFT

REVISED

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

1

The HOUSE is an old Victorian-style two story home built around the turn of the century in Marin County, California.

The HOUSE is surrounded by lush green trees and sits in the middle of a quiet suburban neighborhood.

From different angles we see the HOUSE's walls and windows. We move through the back yard and see a neglected swimming pool filled with leaves and algae.

In the back yard is an old horse stable that has been converted into a studio and garage.

We glide past the studio and move down the paved driveway back toward the front of the HOUSE.

As we reach the road, a TEEN-AGER rides up on a moped. He hits the curb clumsily and jerks to a stop.

TEEN-AGER

Shit!

He flips down the kick-stand and pulls a bag of groceries out of the moped's basket. He checks the receipt, then walks up to the front door.

He presses the doorbell and there is a loud buzzing from inside the HOUSE.

The TEEN-AGER waits impatiently, then rings the doorbell again.

Still nothing.

TEEN-AGER

(disgusted)

Senile old bitch! Can't you hear?

He rings the doorbell again, but doesn't wait for an answer. He tries the door tentatively at first, but it opens easily and the TEEN-AGER steps in.

2 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

2

The TEEN-AGER looks back and forth.

TEEN-AGER

Mrs. Hooper?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

The interior of the HOUSE is beautiful. With a mixture of antiques and modern furniture, the place has a comfortable atmosphere at first glance.

Stairs with a bannister lead up to the second floor. A DEN is to the left, equipped with a writing desk and television. On the right is the LIVING ROOM.

The TEEN-AGER looks up the stairs.

TEEN-AGER

Mrs. Hooper? I've brought your groceries...

It is much too quiet.

TEEN-AGER

Hello?

The TEEN-AGER is getting nervous.

TEEN-AGER

Mrs. Hooper? I'm gonna leave your groceries right here at the bottom of the stairs. I'll collect next week, okay?

Something falls and CRASHES!

The TEEN-AGER jumps with fright and looks up the stairs.

TEEN-AGER

Hello? Mrs. Hooper?

3 INT. STAIRS - DAY

3

He starts up the stairs, groceries still in his arms.

He moves up the stairs, slowly, suspensefully.

On the wall, he notices a macabre painting depicting sinister images of death, torture, perversion, etc. He looks at the painting with awe.

The TEEN-AGER reaches the top of the stairs.

4 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

4

There are two doors to the left and one to the right. At the end of the hallway is another door.

He knocks on the first door to the left.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

TEEN-AGER

Mrs. Hooper? Are you here? It's me--the
grocery boy.

He opens the door.

A SHRIEK is heard as a CAT leaps out of the room and races down
the stairs.

The BOY stumbles backward, but regains his composure.

The TEEN-AGER clutches his heart.

TEEN-AGER

(to himself)

You dumbshit...

He opens the door wider.

5 INT. WINDOW ROOM - DAY

5

The TEEN-AGER looks in. It is a large room. The far wall is
completely covered with windows, bathing the room in warm
sunlight. A fireplace is situated against the far wall.

A lamp's shattered pieces are scattered all over the floor.

6 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

6

He closes the door. He looks around and sees the second door on
the left side of the hall.

The TEEN-AGER moves carefully down the hall to the second door.

Summing up all his courage, he grabs the door knob, opens the
door and steps into the room.

7 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - DAY

7

AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP

MRS. HOOPER, (AUNT ELIZABETH) her face WHITE, her eyes WIDE OPEN,
as if screaming for her life!

A WIDER SHOT

AUNT ELIZABETH is hanging from a noose that dangles from a
chandelier in the center of the room. A chair lays on its side,
just below her.

8 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD

8

We move back away from the HOUSE, as the TEEN-AGER bursts through the front door.

He leaps onto his moped, starts it up, and without looking back, zips down the street.

We are left looking at the HOUSE from the same angle as the opening shot.

FADE TO:

9 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

9

It is a gloomy day, cold, rainy, and unpleasant.

A PRIEST reads from the Bible, as PALL BEARERS struggle with the ropes that help guide the magnificent casket to its resting place at the bottom of the grave.

Standing next to the grave is ROGER COBB, who is dressed in a black suit. ROGER is a handsome man with strong, sharp features. Just old enough to have been drafted into the Vietnam War, we can see that although ROGER is a gifted, brilliant man, there is something sad about him--something more than just the grief surrounding his aunt's death.

ROGER is not alone. Next to him is an OLD COUPLE. The OLD WOMAN bawls away--an absolute flood of tears.

The OLD MAN turns to ROGER.

OLD MAN

Elizabeth wasn't crazy, Roger. A little senile maybe, but it just wasn't like her to go and... do something like that.

ROGER

Thank you, Mr. Jones. I appreciate it.

OLD MAN

Now, my wife--she's crazy. Look at her.

ROGER does. The OLD WOMAN doesn't notice. She is crying too hard.

OLD MAN

But your aunt--she was a good woman.

ROGER

Thank you, Mr. Jones. Thank you for coming.

A man in a polyester suit stands behind ROGER, paying more attention to ROGER than to the ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The man's name is CHET PARKER and he's the lawyer in charge of AUNT ELIZABETH's estate. His neck is thick, (he was a high school football star) his hair is dark blond and he has a dark moustache strategically placed under his nose.

The ceremony ends and ROGER turns to leave.

As he walks across the wet grass of the cemetery, CHET PARKER runs to catch up with him. He reaches out and shakes ROGER's hand.

PARKER

Hello, Mr. Cobb? I don't think I've had the pleasure--Chet Parker's the name.

ROGER doesn't recognize him.

PARKER

Of Birnbaum, Benson and Parker. My firm's handling the estate.

ROGER

(now recognizing)

Oh, right.

PARKER

We talked briefly over the phone.

ROGER

Pleased to meet you, Chet.

PARKER

My condolences to you and your family. I'm sure you were as sorry as I was to learn about this-- tragic accident.

ROGER

Oh, I don't know, you seem pretty broken up about it.

They arrive at TWO LIMOUSINES that await them.

PARKER

(opening the door to
ROGER's limo)

Yes, but we need to talk about the house for just a minute, if we could.

10 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

10

ROGER climbs into the limousine. PARKER follows.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

PARKER

We can get close to three hundred G's for the place. It's a little bit old, but the yuppies go for that sort of thing. It's in a nice neighborhood--all we need to do is clean it up a bit and--

ROGER's mind is on the death of his AUNT, not on selling the HOUSE.

ROGER

Chet, excuse me, but I don't feel like talking right now--I hope you understand.

PARKER

Of course. You know, these funerals--they're not all they're cracked up to be. Go back to L.A. and get some rest. We'll take care of everything.

He extends his hand to shake, but ROGER doesn't notice.

11 EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

11

PARKER gets out of the limo, closes the door and hits the roof with his hand. The limo pulls away.

PARKER grins, dollar signs in his eyes as AUNT ELIZABETH's grave is filled with dirt, behind him, in the cemetery.

12 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS BOOK STORE - DAY

12

The display window is filled with copies of a book called, BLOOD DANCE by ROGER COBB.

13 INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

13

ROGER COBB signs copies of a book for a crowd of adoring fans. The fans are a bizarre group of people. OLD LADIES, NERDS, KIDS, HOUSE-WIVES and WOULD-BE-WRITERS crowd around their hero.

ROGER signs the books and smiles graciously, but there is something else on his mind. Something is troubling him.

FRANK McGRAW, ROGER's literary agent, stands next to ROGER, controlling the boisterous crowd. FRANK is a smooth dresser and a slick talker.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

FRANK

Okay everybody, back up a few steps, will ya? Give Mr. Cobb some room to sign your books.

A WOULD-BE-WRITER calls to ROGER.

WOULD-BE

Mr. Cobb, we've been waiting a long time--what's your next book about?

ROGER

(glad to answer)

It's about my personal experiences in Vietnam.

WOULD-BE

(bitterly disappointed)

The war? Oh... great...

Both ROGER and FRANK notice the fan's disapproval.

An OLD LADY worms her way through the crowd.

OLD LADY

Are you really married to Sandy St. Claire?

ROGER

(uncomfortable)

Uh, yeah. Well, I was...we're divorced now.

OLD LADY

I just want you to tell her that I think she's a marvelous actress. She's a very talented young lady. I never miss her show--not once since its been on the air.

ROGER

(sheepishly)

I'll tell her, thanks.

ROGER whispers to FRANK as he signs the books.

ROGER

Who are these lunatics?

FRANK

Your most devoted fans.

(checking his watch)

We better wrap it up here. You've got an interview with the Times at three.

ROGER signs another book. He pauses for a moment before he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

ROGER

Frank, I'm--I'm sorry, but I can't do the interview.

FRANK

What?! Why not?!

ROGER

I have to go home. I've got to make some phone calls.

FRANK

Come on, Rog, you can't run out on me. It can wait--

ROGER

It can't wait, Frank. I'm not kidding around.

The OLD LADY is still babbling about her favorite T.V. star. She can't be ignored any longer.

OLD LADY

--and she's very beautiful. I've seen her on the talk shows and she's nothing like her character. She's a very charming, classy lady.

ROGER

(fed-up)

Yeah, I know that lady, all right? I lived with the damn woman!

ROGER's sudden outburst silences the room. The OLD LADY is insulted and looks at him in that special way old ladies can when they're insulted.

ROGER

(trying to make amends)

I'm sorry, ma'am. Let me sign your book for you--

OLD LADY

That's okay, big shot. Just give Sandy my message.

She turns and moves away through the crowd.

ROGER and FRANK exchange a look.

14 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOOKSTORE - DAY

14

ROGER and FRANK walk down the sidewalk toward their cars.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FRANK

Roger, it's been over a year since we released Blood Dance. We can't just keep doing these goddamn autograph sessions. The fans are hungry for something new. Have you got anything to show me? Five pages? Anything?

ROGER

Frank--

FRANK

If you don't have a new book on my desk by the end of the month, you're gonna have to pay back that advance to Doubleday, then you're really gonna be up the creek. You've already lost your wife over this--are you gonna throw your career down the toilet, too? Roger, you gotta get back to your life.

ROGER

Frank--

FRANK

And while were on the subject of the book-- Roger, c'mon! Nobody wants to read about the goddamn Vietnam War, they wanna read a good horror story.

ROGER

(keeping calm, but firm)

Frank, will you listen to me for just a second? I know it's been giving me trouble, but I have to write this book. It's just something I've got to do.

(searching for the right words)

There's a lot of memories that I've lost..and it's going to take time to find them.

FRANK

(hardly listening)

I got it! I got it! Roger, take a vacation--go to Hawaii--yeah--rent a condo, get away from it all--y'now, just clear your mind and let it come to you.

ROGER

(unsure of himself)

You think so?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

FRANK

Yeah! That's what you need. A trip to Hawaii! We'll do the interview this afternoon, then you can hop on the plane and go!

ROGER

I told you, I'm not doing the interview! I just can't deal with it right now.

FRANK

(seeing it's useless)
Okay, okay. We'll skip the interview.

ROGER smiles.

ROGER

Thanks.

FRANK

But Roger, do me a favor--there's a lot at stake here--don't blow it...

ROGER looks at him, absorbing the advice.

15 EXT. ROGER'S HOME - NIGHT

15

ROGER pulls into the driveway.

16 INT. ROGER'S HOME - NIGHT

16

ROGER enters the front door and throws his briefcase on a chair in the hallway.

He rips off his tie and pulls out his shirt-tails and enters the kitchen. He opens up the refrigerator and pulls out a T.V. dinner.

CUT TO:

e7 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

17

An hour later - ROGER sits alone at the table - in his big, dark house, slowly eating an ugly T.V. dinner. He picks at the phony mashed potatoes absent-mindedly.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

TWO HOURS LATER

ROGER sits in front of his word processor staring at a blank screen. He almost types in a few characters, but decides not to and continues looking at the blank screen.

Frustrated, he pulls out a notebook full of different peoples names and numbers. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

Someone answers.

OPERATOR

Federal Bureau of Investigation.

ROGER

Hello, Agent Thatcher, please. Tell him it's Roger Cobb. It's urgent.

OPERATOR

He's on another line, can he call--

ROGER

I'll wait.

Another voice on the phone. A husky detective-like voice.

THATCHER

Well, if it isn't Roger Cobb...again.

ROGER

Have you heard anything?

THATCHER

What, it's been about twenty hours since I spoke to you last? No, Mr. Cobb, we don't have anything new for you. I'm sorry.

ROGER

Well, call me if you get any leads.

THATCHER

Of course, Mr. Cobb. We're doing everything we can. Oh, and Mr. Cobb? We got a call from the CIA yesterday-- do me a favor and leave them alone. If you have any questions, direct them to us. Thanks.

THATCHER hangs up the phone. There is a long pause.

ROGER stares forward...another day of agony hasn't ended yet.

ROGER

(disappointed)

Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

ROGER hangs up the phone. He looks back at the blank video screen.

The phone rings. Roger looks at his watch. It rings again.

Roger jumps up and goes to the stereo and quickly turns on the radio to a heavy metal rock station. He cranks it up.

He picks up the phone. Throughout the conversation we cut back and forth between ROGER and the caller.

ROGER

Hello?

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - PAY PHONE - NIGHT

18

ROGER's ex-wife, SANDY, is on the line. She is dressed in a glittery, glitzy evening gown. The commotion of a party fills the background.

SANDY

Roger?

ROGER

What?

SANDY

(yelling)

What's that noise?

ROGER

What?

SANDY

The noise!

ROGER

Oh, the guys have got some music on, hold on.

He calls across the room to some imaginary companions.

ROGER

(yelling)

Hey guys! Pipe down will ya? I'm on the phone for chrissake!

ROGER turns down the volume on the stereo.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ROGER

Sorry about that. The poker game's
getting a little out of hand.

SANDY

Who's over there?

ROGER

Uh, oh, um... just some of the guys - you
know.

SANDY

Well, I'm calling from the Emmy Awards
party. I didn't win...

ROGER

(lying)

Oh, the awards? Forgot all about it. I've
been busy with the writing...

SANDY

You're writing again! That's
wonderful...I was just calling to--

ROGER

Hold on--

(he yells across the
empty room)

Yo--Biff! A beer here, too, will ya?
Thanks.

He grabs a diet-cola off the table and slurps for SANDY's
benefit.

ROGER

Sorry. As you were saying?

SANDY

I was just calling to say I got your
message. And I'm very sorry about your
Aunt.

ROGER

The message, right. Just thought you would
like to know. They already had the funeral.

SANDY

Did you go?

ROGER

Just got back last night.

(long pause)

I went to the house.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SANDY

(deeply concerned)

Roger, why do you keep doing this to
yourself? You can't just...

She stops herself--she knows it's no good.

ROGER

What?

An uncomfortable pause. SANDY is hurting. She still loves him.

SANDY

Well, I need to get back to the party.
They're taking photos.

She waves off a cheesey stud who's been insisting she take a
photo with him.

ROGER

(cranking up the music)

Hey you guys, turn that thing---

(to SANDY)

Look, I gotta go, I'm holding up the game.
Talk to you later.

SANDY

(urgently)

Roger--

A long pause.

ROGER

(carefully)

Yeah?

SANDY

(She doesn't have the
courage)

Nothing. Bye-bye.

She hangs up, depressed.

19 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

19

ROGER

Bye.

ROGER hangs up and immediately realizes how foolish he is. He
tries to pick up the phone.

ROGER

Sandy?! Hello? Sandy?!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Realizing he's too late, he slams the phone down.

ROGER

I am such a jerk! Why did I do that?!

He paces for a moment, regretting his childish jealousy. He sits down at his dreary meal.

ROGER

(remembering FRANK's
words)

Don't blow it...

CUT TO:

20 INT. ROGER AND SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

ROGER is asleep, but not peacefully. The CAMERA DOLLYS in slowly. Roger moans and tosses about, wrapping himself in the sheets.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT

21

Slowly the jungle appears before us, lush and green and filled with the chatter of monkeys and birds. We glide through the dense foliage, brushing banana leaves aside as we move forward, deeper into the jungle.

Soon we arrive at a small clearing in the brush that is covered with grass and moss. In the middle of the clearing is an old GRAVE with a weather-beaten cross made from twigs, branches and old vines used for twine.

An old U.S. Army helmet hangs on the cross. A name that was once scratched in the wood is no longer readable and the slightly raised ground of the grave is covered with leaves and debris.

And playing in the raised dirt of the grave is a small boy-- JIMMY--maybe five years old. JIMMY has a bunch of toy cars that he pushes over the dirt, mimicking the noises of revving engines and screeching tires.

Suddenly the earth begins to crumble and break as something stirs from underneath the ground.

JIMMY stops playing and looks at the earth, shaking and crumbling.

A soiled, rotting hand juts out of the earth, clawing for JIMMY's face!

JIMMY screams at the top of his lungs!

22 INT. ROGER AND SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

ROGER jolts awake with a SCREAM! His face is covered with sweat. He stares forward, breathing heavily, terrified.

ROGER bolts from the bed and paces the room momentarily as he wipes the tears and sweat from his face. Suddenly he goes to the closet and pulls out a suitcase. He flings the suitcase onto the bed, goes to his dresser and opens the top drawer. He throws socks and shirts into the open suitcase.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

23

We glide down from the height of the trees and pull back to reveal the entire home from the street.

At the front gate is CHET PARKER, briefcase in hand, nervously waiting for a visitor. He wipes some dirt off a "FOR SALE" sign that hangs in front of the HOUSE.

ROGER's car appears and screeches to a halt in front of the HOUSE.

PARKER rushes out to greet ROGER who steps wearily out of the car to stretch his limbs.

PARKER

(shaking his hand)

Well, here's the lucky man! Mr. Cobb, it's a pleasure to see you again. How was the drive?

ROGER

It wasn't too ba--

PARKER

(cutting him off)

Good, good, glad to hear it.

They go through the gate and up the porch steps to the front door.

PARKER

I didn't expect to hear from you again so soon. I just got the "FOR SALE" sign up yesterday.

PARKER unlocks the front door and they enter.

24 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

24

ROGER looks down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PARKER

I can assure you that everything is in order--it really wasn't necessary for you to come all this way--

ROGER

I wanted to.

25 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - DAY

25

ROGER looks into the den. A large, STUFFED MARLIN adorns one wall. It is surrounded by fishing trophies.

PARKER

(looking over his shoulder)

Your uncle was quite a fisherman. From what I understand, he held the U.S. record for two years with that one.

26 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

26

ROGER turns back into the hallway and examines an OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK that stands against the wall.

PARKER

As you can see, we've cleaned things up a bit. We're planning to have the auction next month. We can get a lot of dough for some of this junk. If you'll follow me this way, I'll give you a little tour of the place.

27 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

27

They enter the dining room from the hall.

ROGER

I know my way around. I grew up here.

PARKER

How's that?

28 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28

ROGER leads PARKER into the kitchen.

ROGER

My parents died when I was young. My aunt raised me.

PARKER

I had no idea. What a remarkable woman.

29 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

29

They walk out through the back door into the yard.

They start across the lawn toward AUNT ELIZABETH's studio.
PARKER stops momentarily and points to the pool.

PARKER

We also cleaned up the pool.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP

as ROGER looks at the pool.

30 EXT. HOUSE - SIDE YARD - DAY

30

FLASHBACK

ROGER is surrounded by a pile of various gardening tools as
he trim and cuts the hedges in the front yard.

His son, JIMMY, plays in the dirt beside him with a bunch of toy
cars.

JIMMY

Daddy--Daddy--look!

JIMMY holds up a toy Porsche.

JIMMY

Daddy, look at this one--what's this one
called?

ROGER nearly snips off one of JIMMY's little fingers.

ROGER

(shouting)

Now, Jimmy, I told you stay away from Daddy
when he's working! This is very, very
sharp! Now go play over there!

JIMMY looks up at his Dad and pouts.

He sits back down and starts playing with his toy cars again.

ROGER picks up the gardening shears and goes back to trimming the
hedge. After a moment, we see ROGER regret having yelled
at his only child. He feels guilty.

ROGER

Jimmy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell
at--

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ROGER turns around. He looks surprised.

CUT TO:

ROGER'S POV

JIMMY is gone.

CUT TO:

ROGER

who calls toward the front yard.

ROGER

Jimmy?!

No answer. No sound.

ROGER

Jimmy?!

ROGER walks toward the front yard.

31 EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

31

ROGER steps into the front yard.

An open gate.

On the street a car's tires squeal as it drives away.

ROGER runs to the gate and looks up and down the street. Nothing. ROGER turns to the house. He calls to his wife, SANDY, who is inside.

ROGER

Sandy!!! Sandy!!!

32 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

32

SANDY opens the door. She can sense an urgency in ROGER's voice.

SANDY

Is something wrong?

ROGER

Is Jimmy in there with you?

SANDY

No, I thought he was out here with you.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ROGER's face shows concern. He senses something only a parent can sense.

ROGER

He was...

SANDY

Did you check in back?

ROGER runs back around the side of the house.

ROGER

Jimmy?!

33 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

33

ROGER runs into the back yard and sees a horrible sight.

CUT TO:

ROGER'S POV

JIMMY is in the swimming pool!!! His arms flail, he screams, and suddenly he sinks, almost as if he has been pulled under by some unseen force.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

34 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

34

ROGER runs and leaps into the swimming pool and dives under the surface of the water.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE WATER

ROGER dives to the bottom of the pool, but JIMMY is not there.

CUT TO:

THE SURFACE

ROGER rises to the surface, gasps for air and dives again.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE WATER

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Still nothing. The pool is small and empty. There is no way JIMMY could be in the pool.

CUT TO:

THE SURFACE

ROGER rises to the surface, gasps for air and dives again.

35 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

35

A CLOSE-UP

of ROGER as he stares at the pool, dazed by the painful memories. CHET PARKER looks at ROGER curiously.

PARKER

Mr. Cobb, you okay?

ROGER

Yeah... nice pool.

PARKER

Let's move on to the studio, shall we?

PARKER crosses to the studio and unlocks the padlocked door and enters, followed by ROGER.

OMMITTED -- Scene 36

37 INT. THE STUDIO - DAY

37

The STUDIO is a grungy mess, with boxes piled all over.

On one side of the studio is UNCLE BOB's corner. There is a workbench, a wall covered with an assortment of different GARDEN TOOLS, and another wall lined with all kinds of different HUNTING and FISHING GEAR.

Several guns are mounted on the wall including an OLD, ANTIQUE DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN. Several deep sea fishing rods and other fishing tackle are lined up, along with A HARPOON GUN that curiously, is loaded and ready to shoot.

As ROGER looks at the different items, fondly remembering his adventurous UNCLE BOB, PARKER picks up the HARPOON GUN and examines it.

PARKER

What ever happened to this uncle?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ROGER

A great white got him out by Point Reyes.
He was diving for abalone.

Suddenly there is a CLICK, the SNAP of a HUGE RUBBER BAND being unleashed, and the HARPOON SCREAMS by ROGER's ear and impales the wall behind him.

ROGER freezes, realizing what happened.

PARKER sets the HARPOON GUN back in its place gingerly.

PARKER

Whoops. Sorry about that.

ROGER slowly turns to PARKER, wondering how he will ever get even.

PARKER

(trying to ignore the
previous mistake)

Your aunt was quite a painter, let me tell
you. Take a look at this one, will ya?

PARKER goes to the other side of the studio. In this corner, the floor is covered with splattered paint. A bench is covered with coffee cans and tubes of paint.

PARKER approaches an artist's easel and turns it around to reveal a half-finished work, depicting the CLOSET in AUNT ELIZABETH's room.

In the painting, the door is open a few inches and a strange light glows from within the closet. An old woman, probably AUNT ELIZABETH, faces the door with her back to us, so that we can't see her face.

Other images are blended into a surrealistic swirl, including a GRANDFATHER CLOCK, MIRRORS, and other obscure household items.

PARKER

She must have been working on it before she
died. It gives me the creeps.

ROGER crosses the room and looks at the painting carefully.

PARKER

Morbid little woman, wasn't she?

ROGER

(recognizing)

That's the closet in her bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

PARKER

That's the same room where she hung herself--
where she passed away.

PARKER shudders at the thought. ROGER notices PARKER's
uncomfortableness.

ROGER

(remembering)

She thought this house was haunted.

PARKER

Get outta here.

(pause)

You're... you're kidding, aren't you?

ROGER

Come to think of it, when I was a kid, I
thought it was too.

He gives PARKER a sly look.

They exit the studio.

38 EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

38

They cross the yard and enter the HOUSE.

39 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

39

ROGER and PARKER enter the room. ROGER crosses the room and
looks at the wall.

The wall is covered with a collection of photos of AUNT
ELIZABETH's RELATIVES AND FAMILY--including pictures of UNCLE
BOB, ROGER as a child, and ROGER with his family--SANDY and
JIMMY.

40 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40

FLASHBACK

A year earlier.

ROGER sits on the couch, shivering, soaking wet, with a blanket
around his shoulders. TWO COPS stand on either side of him.

ROGER has his arms around SANDY, who sobs hysterically, unable
to control her emotions.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

COP #1

You say you saw the front gate open?

ROGER

Yes, but--

COP #1

What kind of car was it that drove away?

ROGER

I don't know! What does it matter-- I saw him in the pool.

COP #1

Mr. Cobb, your son is not in the swimming pool. Your son is nowhere in the neighborhood.

ROGER

I'm telling you, I saw him in the pool!!! He was in the swimming pool and I ran and I dove in and--

COP #1

And he wasn't there.

COP #2 looks behind him at the entrance to the dining room. AUNT ELIZABETH is there, lurking in the dark, acting senile and mysterious. When she sees the COP looking at her she ducks back into the dark and out of sight.

COP #1

Mr. Cobb. We've got an APB out on him. We'll know the minute they have something.

AUNT ELIZABETH appears in the doorway.

COP #2 jumps slightly when he sees her.

AUNT ELIZABETH

It was the house! The house did it.

The COPS look at her, feeling real uncomfortable.

COP #1,

Right, Mrs. Hooper. We understand.

AUNT ELIZABETH looks up at the cops, grinning a blissful, weird smile.

ROGER and SANDY still haven't moved. SANDY cries, lost in her sorrow and despair. ROGER stares straight ahead, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

AUNT ELIZABETH steps into the living room and looks at them.

AUNT ELIZABETH

I'm telling you, Roger. The house did it--

SANDY suddenly turns toward the AUNT and unleashes her frustration and anger.

SANDY

WILL YOU SHUT UP!!! JUST SHUT UP FOR ONCE,
YOU OLD BAT!!!

SANDY jumps up and storms out of the room.

AUNT ELIZABETH watches her stomp up the stairs. She speaks to the uncomfortable COPS who look at her.

AUNT ELIZABETH

Touchy.

OMMITTED -- Scene 41, 42, 43, 44.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

45

Back to the present.

ROGER looks at PARKER. PARKER gives him a nervous grin. ROGER's strange behavior is making him uneasy.

PARKER

Well, maybe while there seems to be a lull
in the action here, we could pull out a few
papers here and sign some papers.

PARKER opens a briefcase and begins to pull some papers out of it.

PARKER

Then you can scuttle back to L.A. and let
us take care of the sale for you--

ROGER

I'm not selling.

PARKER

(stunned)

There must be some sort of misunderstanding,
I don't think I heard you correctly--

ROGER

I said I don't think I'll sell quite yet.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

There is a stony silence as PARKER absorbs his words, realizing that he isn't going to change his mind.

PARKER

Well, I... I hope you'll reconsider--

ROGER pulls aside some drapes and looks out the window, lost in his own thoughts.

PARKER stands there.

Finally PARKER moves to ROGER and hands him the keys to the HOUSE.

ROGER

I think I'm going to stay awhile. Try to do some writing...

PARKER

(disappointed)

Well...I guess you won't be needing me anymore...There are the keys. Please call us if you need anything.

ROGER

Uh-huh...

PARKER closes his briefcase and exits the living room. We hear the front door close as the camera moves in toward ROGER, as he stares out the window.

OMMITTED -- Scene 46, 47, 48, 49.

50 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

50

A few lights are on and glow warmly, casting shadows on the trees surrounding the HOUSE.

Stars twinkle as a summer breeze rattles the leaves of the trees.

51 INT. HOUSE - UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

51

ROGER is sitting at a portable word processor in UNCLE BOB's den. A television is on, but silent. ROGER's stares at the word processor's screen.

On the screen is the title of his book: "ONE MAN'S STORY: a personal account of the Vietnam War."

His mind is a blank. He thinks hard, but the words just aren't there. It's no use.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

ROGER gets up from the desk and stretches his arms as he paces around the room for a moment, collecting his thoughts.

He turns his attention to UNCLE BOB's trophy and display area. In a case, there are fishing trophies and next to that, photos cover the wall with evidence of UNCLE BOB standing next to great tunas and sharks, hoisted up by their tail on docks.

ROGER looks up at the MARLIN, then turns his attention to an unusual item.

It is a mounted display of a SHARK'S JAWS.

They are white and sterile looking. ROGER looks closer and rubs his hand carefully along the sharp rows of teeth.

Suddenly a rattling sound echoes through the HOUSE. ROGER jumps and slices his finger on the sharp teeth.

ROGER
(reacting with pain)

Ouch!

ROGER looks at his finger. It is bleeding. He licks the finger clean of blood.

The ECHO again! ROGER stops breathing.

He listens... waiting for the sound to repeat itself. It doesn't.

52 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

52

ROGER walks into the hallway and looks up the stairs.

Foolishly, ROGER calls out to the silence.

ROGER
Hello?

There is no reply.

ROGER starts up the stairs. He steps slowly and as quietly as possible.

53 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

53

He moves halfway up the stairs and then stops. He strains to see onto the second floor.

ROGER turns and starts back down the stairs. A SOUND! He turns around, annoyed, and starts back up the stairs.

54 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

54

ROGER steps into the hallway.

ROGER looks at the door on the left. He opens it, darts his head in and flicks on the light.

55 INT. WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

55

It is empty.

56 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

56

He closes the door and moves onto the first door on the right-- his own bedroom. He opens the door.

57 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

He turns on the light. The room is silent. It is also very strange. It is a conglomeration of different styles and phases of ROGER's youth.

High school pennants, monster posters, and odd nick-nacks from ROGER'S childhood decorate the room.

58 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

58

ROGER moves on to AUNT ELIZABETH's room. He takes a deep breath and flings the door open quickly.

59 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

59

There, staring at the closet is AUNT ELIZABETH. She doesn't speak or acknowledge ROGER's presence in any way.

Suddenly she turns around and goes to the center of the room. Her face is pale and gaunt. She steps up onto a chair and looks at the noose that hangs from the chandelier.

She turns to ROGER.

AUNT ELIZABETH

It won, Roger. It tricked me. I didn't think it could... but it did...

ROGER

Aunt Eliz...? What? What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

AUNT ELIZABETH
(ignoring him)
And it's going to trick you too, Roger.
The house knows everything about you...
You can't hide anything...Leave while you
can.

Suddenly AUNT ELIZABETH sticks her head through the noose and
leaps off the chair.

ROGER runs toward her.

ROGER

NO!!!

A HIDEOUS SCREAM fills the room... and she is GONE! VANISHED!

60 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

60

We can see more and more lights turning on until every light
in the entire HOUSE is on, making the HOUSE look like a
lighthouse beacon warding off stray ships.

The rest of the neighborhood sleeps in complete darkness.

Sc 61 -- OMITTED

62 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

62

ROGER sits on the couch with his address book and a phone. He
dials a number.

A voice answers the phone on the other end of the line.

OPERATOR
Psychiatric Ward, front desk.

Hello, I need to find Doctor Berg. I'm a
patient of his.

OPERATOR
Please hold.

ROGER waits.

Scene 63, 64, 65, 66. -- OMITTED

67 INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 67

A YOUNG MAN, CARL, grabs the phone off the hook.

CARL

Yeah?

68 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 68

ROGER

I need to get in touch with Doctor Berg.

CARL

Who is this?

ROGER

I'm a patient of his. It's urgent.

CARL

Name?

ROGER

Roger Cobb.

69 INT. HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT 69

CARL goes to one of several large file cabinets and unlocks the drawer he needs. He flips through the folders and finally finds ROGER's file.

He pulls it out and sits down again. He opens up the file.

CARL

Hello?

ROGER

Hello?

CARL

(reading the file)

Vet, huh?

70 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 70

ROGER

Yeah, look I need to talk to the doctor.
It's an emergency.

CARL

Well, the doctor's on vacation.

ROGER

Where?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CARL

New Zealand.

ROGER

Oh...

CARL

My name's Carl. Maybe I can help you.

ROGER

Who are you?

CARL

I'm the psychiatric resident on duty. Tell me what's up.

ROGER is unsure of whether or not he should talk to this guy, but he's desperate.

ROGER

(trying to sort his
thoughts)

Well, it--it's a little hard to explain,
Carl. I--I--I'm not sure, but I think I'm
seeing things.

CARL

Now hold on, what did you see?

ROGER

Well, I saw my... my dead aunt--although
she wasn't dead. She was alive--she talked
to me...

71 INT. HOSPITAL - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

71

CARL looks through the file. As his finger skims over the handwritten notes, we get brief glimpses of phrases mentioning flashbacks, the disappearance of his son, etc.

CARL

When did your aunt die?

ROGER

A few days ago.

CARL

Roger, have you suffered from flashbacks
before?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

ROGER

This wasn't a flashback. I saw her there right in front of me! She even gave me advice!

CARL

Hey--hey--where are you?

ROGER

I'm at her house. In Marin County.

CARL

Are you alone?

ROGER

That's what I'm trying to figure out!

CARL

Roger, it's simple. You've been the victim of a lot of traumatic experiences lately. With the loss of your son last year and now your aunt, you're probably suffering from what we call hysterical hallucinations. They're quite common really. Now don't confuse these with any flashbacks you might have.

72 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

72

ROGER

(getting frustrated)

I'm not! You don't understand-- First of all, my son is not dead-- secondly--

CARL

Have you been getting any sleep? Are you eating okay?

ROGER

What has that got to do with--

CARL

(patronizing)

Roger, call a friend, and go stay with someone tonight. These hallucinations can be caused by fatigue. You're probably tired.

ROGER

(realizing that CARL's
no help)

Yeah, I guess I am...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

CARL

Have you got any valium? The doctor has
you on a prescription--

ROGER

(almost afraid to admit
it)

Yes, I do.

CARL

Take some Valium and get some sleep.

ROGER

Thanks, Carl.

CARL

Give me a call if you need to talk.
Bye-bye.

CARL hangs up. ROGER holds the phone in his hand for a minute
while he thinks about the conversation.

Suddenly he gets up and YANKS the phone line right out of the
wall and throws down the phone.

ROGER

I am not crazy!!!

ROGER storms out of the living room, fuming.

73 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

73

ROGER opens the mirrored cabinet and looks at the bottle
of Valium nested among the other toilette articles.

He pulls the bottle out and looks at it. Determined not
to succumb to the drug's allure, he sets back in the cabinet
and closes the door.

74 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

74

ROGER enters the bedroom. He throws his robe off to reveal
cotton pajamas, turns off the light and sprints across the room
and leaps into his bed.

He pulls a cover up over his shoulders that is decorated with
pictures of athletes scoring touchdowns, hitting homers, etc.

He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT

75 EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

75

ROGER carries an armload of trash out to the garbage cans by the sidewalk at the end of the driveway.

Ahead of him, he sees a GOLDEN RETRIEVER that has tipped over the garbage cans and is rummaging through the debris.

ROGER

Hey! Get out of here! GO ON! GIT!

ROGER runs down the driveway and chases after the DOG.

76 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

76

ROGER stumbles as he reaches the garbage cans and drops the trash all over the driveway. The DOG escapes.

ROGER stoops down and starts gathering up the garbage. He stands up and throws some trash into one of the cans.

Something catches his eye.

From down the street, a gorgeous woman comes jogging toward him. She is tall, with a voluptuous, trim body and dark black hair. Dressed in a tight fitting jogging suit, she is absolutely ravishing.

ROGER's mouth literally hangs open as she approaches him.

As she runs by him, she looks him squarely in the eye and flashes him a smile that melts his socks. Her name is TANYA.

TANYA

Good morning!

ROGER

Morning.

She passes him and jogs right up the steps of the home next to the HOUSE and enters, shutting the door behind her.

ROGER just looks at the the closed door, unable to believe that a woman so beautiful exists on the face of the planet Earth.

A voice speaks from off-screen.

VOICE

She's pretty, huh?

ROGER, not knowing he was being watched, whirls around.

ROGER's other neighbor, HAROLD, is watering his front lawn. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

HAROLD

(friendly)

Howdy, neighbor. Just move in?

ROGER looks at HAROLD. HAROLD is a rotund, much-too-friendly kind of guy. The kind of guy you would love to hate, but can't help but like.

ROGER

Last night.

HAROLD drops the hose at the base of a small sapling and strolls over to the fence dividing the two yards. He extends his hand.

ROGER shakes it.

HAROLD

Harold Gorton.

ROGER

Roger.

HAROLD

Well, it sure is great to have a new neighbor. The woman who lived here before you was nuts. The biggest bitch under the sun. A senile old hag. I wouldn't be surprised if someone just got fed up and "offed" her. You know what I mean?

ROGER

She was my aunt.

HAROLD

(not missing a beat)

Had a heart of gold, though. She was a saint. Beautiful woman, too--for her age. Full of life. Quite a painter from what I hear.

(changing the subject
artfully)

Hey Roger, why don't you come over for dinner. You and the whole family.

ROGER

I'm alone.

HAROLD

Better yet. We'll just get some burgers and watch the game. You an Oakland A's fan?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

ROGER

I'm afraid not. You see, I'm a writer and I'm trying to get away from things for a while. You know--solitude.

HAROLD just looks at him.

ROGER

(repeating with emphasis)

You know--solitude.

HAROLD

I don't believe it. It can't be.

ROGER

What?

HAROLD

Roger. Roger Cobb, right?

ROGER

(his cover blown)

Umm, well, sort of, yeah, yeah, I'm him.

HAROLD

Well, this is my lucky day!

HAROLD pulls something out of his back pocket. It is a torn, beat-up paperback novel that is rolled into a cylinder.

HAROLD nervously unwraps it and shows it to ROGER.

It is ROGER's book, "BLOOD DANCE".

HAROLD

Right here in my back pocket. I'm your biggest fan.

HAROLD reaches over and pulls a pen out of ROGER's shirt pocket, pulls off the cap and hands it to him.

HAROLD

I know I shouldn't ask, but would you?

ROGER is slightly flattered.

ROGER

(sighs)

I'd be delighted.

ROGER takes the book and half the loose pages slip out and flutter to the ground. HAROLD stoops to gather them up.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76

HAROLD
It's kind of falling apart.

ROGER fumbles with the demolished book, but manages to sign inside the loose cover and hands the mess back to HAROLD.

HAROLD
Thank you, Mr. Cobb. I can't tell you what an honor this is.

ROGER
My pleasure. Now I've got to get back in there and start working on my new book. Get back to that solitude.

HAROLD
Solitude. I gotcha!

ROGER
I hope you understand.

HAROLD
Of course I understand. I bet it's gonna be great.

ROGER
Well, I sure hope so.

77 INT. HOUSE - DAY

77

ROGER enters and slams the door behind him. He leans on the door and rolls his eyes.

ROGER
Lord help me.

78 INT. HOUSE - UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

78

ROGER sits at the word processor again. On the screen is the title, and nothing else. Across the room, the T.V. is on, ROGER's silent companion.

Suddenly inspiration hits him. He punches up a new page and starts to type like mad. A huge smile spreads across ROGER's face as the memories come back to him.

79 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - DUSK

79

ROGER is sleeping peacefully. A voice booms from off-screen.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

VOICE

Get up off your ass, Cobb!

ROGER looks up at the LIEUTENANT who is standing over him. He's young, and he's dressed no differently than the rest of the soldiers who are busy wrapping up their sleeping gear and preparing to hit the road.

LIEUTENANT

(sarcastic)

We got a war to lose, remember?

ROGER jumps up and starts packing his bag. The small group of soldiers, half black, half white, talk quietly and check their weapons as they prepare for tonight's dangerous mission.

BIG BEN sits next to ROGER, loading an M-60 machine gun.

LIEUTENANT

You too, Ben, move!

BIG BEN leans over and whispers to ROGER.

BIG BEN

I'm sick of that mother-fucker telling us what to do.

BIG BEN stands up. He's as big as the famous clock in England. That's why he got the nick-name. He's a real monster. Because of his extraordinary strength and size he carries more ammunition, more grenades and more guns than anybody else. In addition to the gigantic M-60, he also carries a .45 caliber pistol on his belt. He's a killing machine.

ROGER stands next to him and throws on his pack. He then lifts several long belts of M-60 ammunition and throws them over his neck. He's the ammo bearer for BIG BEN and his M-60.

ROGER

He's the lieutenant, Ben. It's his job to tell us what to do.

BEN isn't convinced.

BIG BEN

Nobody bosses me around.

The LIEUTENANT spreads a topographical map out on the ground.

LIEUTENANT

Everybody gather around!

The SOLDIERS surround the LIEUTENANT to hear their instructions.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

ROGER and BIG BEN join the group. As the LIEUTENANT talks, ROGER tries lighting a cigarette.

LIEUTENANT

This is where we got to be by 0600. That means we gotta get over this ridge in the next hour and find the village. Now we know for a fact that Charlie's in there. Shoot anything that moves.

ROGER tries to light his cigarette again, but it is too damp. He chucks it into the wet dirt and looks in front of him to BIG BEN.

ROGER taps him on the back.

ROGER

Hey, Big Ben.

No response.

ROGER

Hey, Ben!

BIG BEN turns around, bored.

BIG BEN

What do you want?

ROGER

You got any cigarettes?

BIG BEN

Naw, I don't got any.

ROGER

Come on, Ben. Just one.

The LIEUTENANT is still lecturing.

LIEUTENANT

This is strictly a search and destroy mission. If you see NVA, we'll call for an air strike and just try to hold our position.

ROGER

Just one cigarette, Ben. You can spare it.

BIG BEN

(annoyed)

All right, all right!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

79

BEN reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small tin cannister with a screw top. Without even looking at ROGER, he tosses the can behind him.

ROGER catches the cannister with one hand and begins to unscrew the top.

BIG BEN

(without looking)

Be careful with that--I also got my reefer in there.

ROGER

Yeah, yeah...

ROGER pulls off the lid and a REAL SNAKE's head POPS OUT and HISSES in ROGER's face.

ROGER reacts and drops the cannister. The small, harmless snake slithers away into the grass.

ROGER

(embarrassed, but
laughing)

Real funny, Ben. Real funny.

BIG BEN grins maniacally and laughs.

BIG BEN

SUCKER!!!

LIEUTENANT

Hey, pipe down back there, Ben! What are you doing?

BIG BEN

Nothing.

LIEUTENANT

Well, shut up and listen you big ox!

ROGER grins as BIG BEN sulks.

LIEUTENANT

We ain't fucking around anymore. This is the real shit, and you better get your act together if you wanna make it out of here in one piece.

As the LIEUTENANT talks, BEN notices some rustling in the bushes nearby. He looks closer. Suddenly he hears the metallic "ping" of a GRENADE as it bounces on the dirt next to him.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (4)

79

BIG BEN

GET DOWN!!!

He grabs ROGER and throws him to the ground. They cover their heads as the GRENADE explodes.

KA-BLAM!!!

Two SOLDIERS are killed instantly by the blast. Suddenly gunfire erupts from the bushes and sprays the area with bullets. The SOLDIERS crawl away and run for cover, but BIG BEN jumps to his feet with his M-60 blazing.

ROGER sees him standing up.

ROGER

Ben, no!

But BIG BEN just turns to ROGER and smiles.

BIG BEN

Cover me.

BIG BEN charges toward the ENEMY, firing his M-60 as he runs. ROGER shoots over BEN's head with his M-16, trying to protect him from the enemy fire.

He dives into a ditch and turns back to ROGER and gives him a "thumbs up" signal.

ROGER can see the group of about TEN VIET CONG fighting valiantly from their cover in the bushes as other SOLDIERS in the troop begin to return the fire.

But BIG BEN's awesome presence momentarily stuns them as he leaps up from behind the ditch and unloads his M-60 into the ENEMY.

As he shreds the retreating VC to ribbons, BEN's M-60 runs out of bullets. One lone VC has escaped BEN's wrath and races away through the bushes. BIG BEN pulls the .45 out of his holster and takes his time aiming and fires a single shot which fells the last man.

BIG BEN

(screaming)

FUCKING GOOKS!!! DIE, YOU SUCKERS!!!

BIG BEN stops shooting. There is an eerie silence. BIG BEN has slaughtered the entire opposition single-handedly.

Slowly the LIEUTENANT and the other SOLDIERS lift up their heads and peer out from behind the trees and grass.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (5)

79

BIG BEN comes stomping back through the mud puddles toward the troop, grinning from ear to ear.

ROGER stands up and just looks at BIG BEN, awed by his stupidity, his ability and courage.

BIG BEN
(mimicking an Army
recruiting poster)
Go to exotic countries, meet interesting
people... and KILL THE MOTHER-FUCKERS!!!

80 INT. HOUSE - UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

80

ROGER shakes his head, half-grinning, remembering the absurd story.

He continues writing.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. HOUSE - UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

81

It is a few hours later. ROGER is still absorbed in the process of writing his book.

Suddenly a movie on T.V. catches ROGER's attention. He grabs the remote control and clicks on the sound.

It is a haunted house movie and dramatic music along with creaking doors, the wind blowing and whispering voices all add up to a very scary effect.

ROGER clicks the remote and turns off the T.V.

He freezes with horror.

In the window next to the desk is the image of his son, JIMMY, as if reflected in the glass. We hear the sound of his laughter echoing faintly through the house.

ROGER lifts the remote, points it at the image and presses the button.

The image in the window disappears.

ROGER stops breathing. His eyes widen.

The LAUGHTER hasn't stopped. ROGER strains to hear the sounds, but they are too faint. He stands and goes to the hallway.

82 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

ROGER looks up the stairs. The child's laughter is a little louder now.

He starts up the stairs.

83 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

83

As ROGER moves closer and closer to the second floor, the laughing gets louder and louder.

84 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

84

He follows the sounds and finds himself at AUNT ELIZABETH's room. He opens the door and immediately the laughing stops.

ROGER turns on the light and looks at the CLOSET DOOR, shut closed.

He moves to the closet and goes to open the door. Something stops him.

ROGER

I'm going nuts. There's nothing there.

ROGER leaves the room, turning off the light.

85 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

85

ROGER puts a robe on over his pajamas and goes into the adjoining bathroom.

ROGER brushes his teeth vigorously and looks at himself in the mirror.

He abruptly spits in the sink and throws down his toothbrush and storms through his room, out into the hallway.

86 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

86

ROGER flings open the door, marches up to the closet, and without a pause, flings the closet door open...

Nothing. Not a thing. The closet is completely empty. It is just large enough to walk into and smells musty and damp.

ROGER laughs loudly to himself.

ROGER

I don't believe it. I'm cracking up.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK downstairs begins to announce the midnight hour. ROGER doesn't notice.

INSERT - The GRANDFATHER CLOCK's hands are at twelve exactly.

ROGER closes the door. He begins to leave the room. Suddenly he hears a laugh! He stops. He looks back at the door. The laughing is muffled as if coming from inside the closet.

ROGER turns back to the closet and approaches it cautiously.

ROGER

Jimmy?

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK continues to chime. ROGER reaches forward and opens the door!

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK chimes for the twelfth time.

A HUGE CLAW reaches out, grabs ROGER's robe and RIPS IT TO SHREADS!!!

ROGER is knocked backward onto the floor by the impact of the blow.

A HUGE WAR DEMON fills the doorway, its eyes glowing with hatred and revenge.

ROGER struggles to his feet and dives for the door. He tries to push it closed, but the DEMON pushes against him with tremendous force.

Somehow through the strength of his own willpower, ROGER manages to close the door. He locks it with the skeleton key.

His shoulder is still pressed against the door, waiting for the demon to blast the door open, but not a sound is heard. ROGER breathes heavily, listening for a sound, a sign, but there is nothing.

He gingerly steps away from the door as if not wanting to disturb the horrible beast.

ROGER

(under his breath)

Please don't be real, please. I hope I'm going insane, I'm seeing things. I've got to be. Please don't be real.

He backs into the hallway and closes the door.

87 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

87

He leans up against the wall, and tries to catch his breath.

He looks at the torn robe and then pulls it open to reveal deep, painful scratches that have drawn blood across his chest.

87A EXT. HOUSE - DAY

87A

A VAN pulls up in front of the house. The DRIVER jumps out, goes to the back and opens the rear doors.

He pulls out a dolly and begins to load boxes onto it. The boxes are conspicuously marked with the logos of a major electronics company.

88 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

88

The next night.

The room is packed with video equipment, tape recorders, Super 8 cameras, still cameras, etc.

A desk has been tipped over for protection and behind the desk is ROGER, dressed in Army surplus clothing--fatigues, combat boots, army helmet, safety goggles, and a garbage can lid for an additional shield.

A rope is tied around the doorknob and the other end lies in ROGER's gloved hand. ROGER wipes sweat from his brow. He quietly gets up and looks over the equipment. He checks the cameras, adjusts a barn-door on one of the lights, replaces a blue gel, makes sure the tape is properly wound on the reel-to-reel, then crawls back into position behind the desk.

Satisfied everything is ready, he picks the rope up with one hand and nervously looks at the closet. He gulps and grits his teeth.

ROGER

One... two... three... GO!!!

ROGER leaps to his feet and races down a perfectly cleared path between the desk and the door to the room.

89 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

89

He charges down the hallway and dives head first down the stairs.

90 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

90

ROGER lands on a mattress that is covering the first flight of stairs, does a shoulder roll, jumps up on the landing, leaps onto the bannister and slides to the bottom of the staircase.

91 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

91

He lands on the floor squarely with both feet, and sprints out the open front door.

92 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

92

As ROGER leaps down the front stairs, he raises his arms over his head like an Olympic champion.

Then he notices HAROLD.

HAROLD stands in his front yard, holding a leash that belongs to his GOLDEN RETRIEVER, which is urinating on ROGER's lawn.

HAROLD turns and looks at ROGER, who stands there frozen, dressed in full combat gear, with his hands raised above his head. This is maybe the most embarrassing moment of ROGER's entire life.

HAROLD

(completely unaffected)

Hey, Roger, whatcha doing?

ROGER slowly lowers his hands.

ROGER

(blushing)

Me?... nothing... I'm just... working on my book, you know... uh, look, I gotta go. I'm busy and uh...

ROGER starts backing up onto the porch.

ROGER

I'll talk to you later, Harold. Good seeing you and all... I need to get back and uh...

HAROLD

Solitude.

ROGER steps backward through the front door.

ROGER

Solitude! Right. Uh, I guess I'll be seeing you, uh... bye...

ROGER slams the door. HAROLD looks after him, enviously.

HAROLD

Boy, writing sure looks like a lot of fun.

93 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

93

ROGER enters the room. He goes to the window and looks over at HAROLD's house.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

94

ROGER'S POV

HAROLD enters his house with his DOG.

95 INT. HOUSE - AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

95

ROGER starts turning on all the equipment--additional lights on, recorders rolling, cameras on, still cameras on timers, video rolling, etc.

He takes a deep breath and tip-toes to the door and unlocks it. He turns the doorknob just enough to unlatch it, but not open it.

He sneaks back behind the overturned desk and slowly pulls the rope until it is taut. Beads of sweat begin to drip down his face. He licks his dry lips in anticipation. He stares intently at the closet door.

He grips the rope with his gloved hand and loops it once around his fist.

ROGER

One... two... three... GO!

ROGER yanks open the CLOSET DOOR... and it is empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE:

ROGER stares at the empty closet.

ROGER asleep, dozing behind the overturned desk.

ROGER staring at the ceiling.

ROGER twiddling his thumbs.

ROGER watching one of the televisions.

ROGER on his back, feet against the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROGER behind the desk. ROGER is fed up. He climbs out from behind the desk and exits the room.

Scene 96 -- OMITTED

97 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

97

ROGER walks into the front hallway, helmet and goggles under his arm, taking a large swig from a beer. He looks up at the GRANDFATHER CLOCK as he passes it. He stops. The CLOCK reads 11:59.

Suddenly inspiration strikes him. The clock's hand clicks to 12:00 and the chime gongs for the first time. He stares at the clock, remembering the night before. The GRANDFATHER CLOCK chimes again. ROGER jumps up the stairs as fast as he can.

98 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

98

ROGER bursts in and starts turning on the machines again.

He takes one last look to make sure everything is set, then leaps behind the desk once more.

ROGER's face twitches with anticipation. He closes his eyes and swallows. He grips the rope firmly. The GRANDFATHER CLOCK chimes!

EIGHT--NINE--TEN--ELEVEN...

HAROLD

SURPRISE!!!

ROGER screams with fright.

HAROLD stands in the doorway, his arms full of Chinese food. The closet is still unopened.

HAROLD

Hey, it's only me. Harold.

ROGER

(recovering)

Jesus, Harold. Don't do that to me...

HAROLD

(hurt)

What'd I do?

ROGER regains his wits.

ROGER

You scared the hell out of me, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

HAROLD

I thought I'd bring you a midnight snack.
Solitude's always better with someone else
around.

ROGER

(glancing at the closed
closet)

Look, why don't we go downstairs to the
dining room and eat down there?

HAROLD

(looking around)

What is all this stuff? What are you taking
pictures of?

ROGER

I'll explain it to you downstairs.

99 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

99

ROGER and HAROLD sit at the table eating food out of the cartons.
A six-pack of Budweiser in the can is already half gone.

ROGER

So, that's when I decided to come up here
and see if I could write my book.

HAROLD

Wow. Life is the shits.

(he ponders this
profound thought)

So, what's all the cameras for upstairs?

ROGER is silent as he thinks. Can HAROLD be trusted? Finally
he decides to take the plunge.

ROGER

Harold, do you believe in ghosts?

HAROLD

Well, what kind of ghosts?

ROGER

My aunt thought that this house was haunted.

HAROLD

No offense, but your aunt was looney tunes.
She was off her rocker.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

ROGER

What about me? Do you think I'm looney tunes?

HAROLD stares at ROGER.

HAROLD

Well, no... not anymore. I mean if you've been to the Vietnam War and lost your only child and divorced your wife, you're gonna have a couple of marbles rolling around in there, but now you seem fine.

ROGER

(not fazed by HAROLD's insensitivity)

I believe her. I think this house is haunted.

HAROLD stares again.

HAROLD

(nonchalantly)

Oh...

A long pause.

HAROLD

Well, that's interesting. Sure, I believe in certain unexplained psychic stuff, but they usually find some explanation for these unexplained things.

ROGER

In the closet up there... I... saw something.

HAROLD

What, coat hangers?

HAROLD thinks this is funny until he realizes that ROGER is not laughing.

ROGER

I saw... a...a... I don't know what it was... a ghost... or something. I opened the closet and it was in there, waiting for me.

HAROLD

(trying to be cool)

Hmm. Roger, this sounds like one of your books--you sure you didn't just imagine all this?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

ROGER
I've got the proof.

ROGER stands up and unbuttons his shirt. He opens it and shows the scratches on his chest to HAROLD.

HAROLD
(startled)
Jeez! That's a pretty bad scratch. You better have a doctor look at that.

ROGER
When I opened the door to the closet... it reached out and tried to grab me.

HAROLD
So where is this thing now? Did he take a bus back to the middle ages, or is he still hanging around in your closet?

ROGER
I don't know.

HAROLD
All those cameras and stuff--you're hoping to get a picture of your ghost, huh?

ROGER
That's right. You think I'm nuts, don't you?

HAROLD
No, no, not at all. As a matter of fact, the minute you have any evidence of this thing, I'd be glad to take a look at it. I don't think I've ever seen a ghost before. Not since I was a kid at least.

HAROLD gets up from the table and starts for the door. ROGER follows him.

100 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

100

HAROLD
Been great chatting with you, Roger. I'll be sure to look for your wife Thursday night. What's the show called again?

As they talk, we see HAROLD steal ROGER's address book off the table in the hallway. ROGER doesn't notice.

ROGER
It's a nighttime soap called, "RESORT."

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

HAROLD

On channel seven at nine o'clock.

ROGER

Right. Thanks for the food.

HAROLD

You bet. Good night!

HAROLD leaves. ROGER closes the door.

ROGER starts up the stairs.

101 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

101

He enters the room. The closet door is still shut. He puts his goggles back on and turns on the equipment again.

102 INT. HAROLD'S HOME - NIGHT

102

HAROLD dials a number, then waits for an answer.. He moves to his living room and looks out at ROGER's home next door.

103 INT. HOUSE - AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

103

ROGER climbs behind the overturned desk, braces himself and pulls the closet door open...

Nothing.

104 INT. HAROLD'S HOME - NIGHT

104

HAROLD waits, letting the phone ring.

105 INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

105

SANDY is asleep in bed. She fumbles for the phone and picks it up.

SANDY

Hello?

HAROLD

Uh, hello.

SANDY looks at the clock next to her bed. It's almost two A.M.

HAROLD

Sandy Cobb, please.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

SANDY

Speaking. Who is this?

HAROLD

Harold.

SANDY

Who?

HAROLD

Harold Gorton. I'm a friend of Roger's.

SANDY

Well, he can't be reached here. He's on vacation from what I understand. Aren't you calling a bit late?

HAROLD

I don't want to talk to him. I want to talk to you. I live next to Roger up here in Marin.

SANDY

Oh, yes?

HAROLD

I know this is sort of strange, but I thought I should call you because I don't think Roger's got his act together.

SANDY

What do you mean?

HAROLD

Well, he's having flashbacks or something. He's seeing strange things... ghosts and stuff.

SANDY

Oh my god...

HAROLD

You know, Mrs. Cobb, I think you should maybe come up here and check the guy out.

SANDY

(upset, guilty)

I... I can't. I've got to be on the set at 6:30 tomorrow morning... I really can't. But I'll call him right away.

HAROLD

Okay, I'll keep an eye on him for you. Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

SANDY

I'll give you my daytime phone number. 954
1473.

HAROLD

(jotting it down)

Got it. I'll call you if something bad
happens.

SANDY

(not too relieved)

Thanks...

SANDY hangs up the phone. She pulls out her address book and
searches for AUNT ELIZABETH's phone number. She finds it and
dials quickly. She waits and waits. There is no answer.

106 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

106

A CLOSE UP

of the frayed wires of the phone that has been ripped from the
wall.

107 INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

107

SANDY, frustrated, gives up. She stares forward, thinking...

108 INT. HOUSE - UNCLE BOB'S DEN

108

ROGER is working busily on the word processor.

109 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT

109

The men are crouched low in the dark bushes.

They talk in whispers.

The LIEUTENANT looks around at the terrified SOLDIERS.

LIEUTENANT

Fitzsimmons, you're walking point.

FITZSIMMONS

Like hell I am.

The LIEUTENANT looks around.

LIEUTENANT

Scott.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

SCOTT

Fuck you, man. No way.

LIEUTENANT

Look, I don't have time to argue about it, goddamit, you're walking point.

BIG BEN stands up.

BIG BEN

I'll walk point.

ROGER tries to grab him by the arm.

ROGER

Ben...

LIEUTENANT

Nice to see somebody's got's some guts around here.

A BLACK SOLDIER whispers to another.

BLACK SOLDIER

Somebody got no brains, too.

LIEUTENANT

That means you too, Cobb!

ROGER

What?!

LIEUTENANT

You heard me.

ROGER starts to shake his head, "No," but BEN interrupts him.

BIG BEN

Come on, Roger, you and me! We'll get those fucking gooks!

ROGER

Ben--

LIEUTENANT

Shhhh! Now move out! Fitzsimmons, you take the rear.

BIG BEN swaggers to the front of the group and starts into the dark, quiet jungle. The LIEUTENANT glares at ROGER, who hesitates, then follows BEN. The rest of the RECON GROUP trudges after them.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

As the company moves deeper into the thick jungle, BEN picks up the pace and ROGER follows. Soon they are getting farther from the troop.

ROGER

Ben, slow down.

BIG BEN

You chicken shit.

They move forward, fighting the thick jungle every step of the way.

Suddenly ROGER hears something.

ROGER

Don't move!

BEN keeps moving.

ROGER

(almost shouting)

Stop!

BEN stops.

BIG BEN

What?

ROGER

I heard something.

There is a long silence. Just the buzz of an occasional mosquito, the call of a distant bird...

BIG BEN starts moving forward again.

ROGER

Don't be an idiot, Ben! We're out of their line of sight.

ROGER turns around and looks behind him. In the dark he can't see the others, but he can hear the rustling of bushes and leaves as the Marines make their way through the jungle as conspicuous as possible.

BEN is a jerk. He doesn't listen.

BIG BEN

You were the one who heard something. Let's find out where Charlie is--yoo-hoo, Charlie?

ROGER

Come on Ben, stay here!

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

BIG BEN
(jittery, excited)
I can't stand in one place. I gotta keep
moving.

BEN moves forward through the brush again.

ROGER, getting pissed, but concerned for his friend's safety,
follows him.

ROGER
Ben! What the hell do you think you're--

ROGER grabs him by the arm.

Suddenly a LARGE BIRD bursts toward the men, its nest disturbed.

ROGER falls backward and fires his M-16 at the bird,
reacting from instinct.

BIG BEN doesn't even jump. He watches the BIRD fly away through
the trees, then looks at ROGER who is sitting on his butt,
embarrassed by his mistake.

BEN laughs, relishing ROGER's mistake.

BIG BEN
(laughing)
SUCKER!!!

110 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

110

ROGER breaks away from the word processor, sweating profusely,
and shaking with anxiety.

He paces back and forth, trying to recover from the traumatic
memories. He begins to breath easier.

Suddenly ROGER hears a strange noise, coming from the front
hallway. He looks at the door and JIMMY's toy car --the
PORSCHÉ--rolls across the floor from the hallway straight toward
him.

ROGER runs to the front hallway.

111 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

111

ROGER looks back and forth. No one is there.

ROGER
Hello?...

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

Suddenly he hears a thump. He stops and listens. The thump again. He looks around, trying to determine where the noise came from. The sound again.

112 INT. UNCLE BOB'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

112

He whirls around and looks at the wall with MARLIN hanging from it. He looks at the tail of the MARLIN. It twitches! It twitches again!

ROGER steps forward, unable to believe his eyes. Suddenly the mouth and fins begins to move spasmodically. The shaking and thumping gets stronger and stronger.

Suddenly the MARLIN begins to thrash like mad!!!

IT IS ALIVE!!!

ROGER steps forward amazed.

The ONE THOUSAND POUND FISH thrashes back and forth, shaking the whole room as it pounds against the wall.

ROGER grabs a fishing trophy off a shelf and beats the head of the fish with it.

ROGER

Just die, for chrissake!

But it is no good. ROGER turns and runs out of the den.

113 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

113

ROGER blasts through the back door and runs to the studio.

114 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

114

ROGER enters and immediately goes to the wall covered with weapons. He grabs a .38 off the wall and checks it--it's not loaded. He rapidly searches through UNCLE BOB's workbench in search of ammunition.

He finds SHOTGUN SHELLS!!! He grabs the box and looks up at the antique SHOTGUN. He grabs for it.

CUT TO:

THE OTHER WALL

The GARDEN TOOLS on the wall behind ROGER begin to twi

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ch and rattle.

CUT TO:

ROGER

who turns, and armed with shotgun, shells and flashlight, heads for the door. Suddenly he hears something. He whirls around and looks at the tools.

The camera moves slowly by the tools: first a rake, then a saw, a sledge-hammer, gardening sheers, a scythe, a shovel and finally an axe.

ROGER approaches the TOOLS and shines the flashlight at them.

Without warning, the AXE springs out of its resting place and flies right at ROGER's face.

ROGER ducks in the nick of time and the AXE imbeds itself in the door behind him.

The other TOOLS begin to levitate and leap off the wall.

ROGER turns and runs out the door.

115 EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT

115

ROGER slams the door behind him and backs away. The door bangs and rattles as the possessed TOOLS smash against it. ROGER turns and runs for the HOUSE.

116 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

116

ROGER runs through the door into the kitchen.

As he runs, he fumblingly tries to load the gun, but only manages to spill the shells all over the kitchen floor.

ROGER drops to his knees and loads two shells into the gun. He grabs a few extra shells and stuffs them into his pockets.

117 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

117

The MARLIN still thrashes away, trying to free itself from the wall.

ROGER enters and approaches the MARLIN. He looks at the gun, unsure of himself, but finally points it at the head of the FISH and FIRES! BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

The MARLIN twitches momentarily, but soon stops and is motionless.
ROGER steps back and then starts to reload his gun.
ROGER can barely load the gun, he is shaking so bad.

118 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

118

ROGER flushes his face with water. He turns off the water and pulls open the MIRRORED CABINET above the sink. He rummages through the toilette items, pulling a straight razor and shaving cream out of the way to reach...the Valium.

He grabs the plastic container full of white pills. His shaking hands fumble with the safety lid.

ROGER gets the cap open, but in his frantic haste, spills the pills into the sink.

He grabs at the pills as they spill down the drain.

Suddenly something smacks against the door. ROGER turns around, forgetting the pills, and grabs his shotgun.

ROGER goes to the door slowly, then KICKS IT OPEN!

119 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

ROGER is immediately confronted by the GARDEN TOOLS, which hover magically in mid-air--lined up in formation--ready to kill him.

The SHOVEL moves forward, raises up and flings downward at ROGER.

ROGER raises his shotgun crossways with both hands, shielding himself from the blow. The SHOVEL splinters in two and falls lifeless to the floor.

ROGER looks up to see a SLEDGE HAMMER moving toward him.

ROGER dives and rolls underneath the hovering TOOLS, and springs into the hallway.

120 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

120

ROGER reaches up and slams the bedroom door behind him. The TOOLS bang on the other side of the door, trapped again.

121 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

121

ROGER comes leaping down the stairs and rushes to the front door. He flings it open and is about to rush out when something stops him.

122 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAWN

122

Standing on the porch, looking beautiful, is SANDY.

SANDY

(nervously)

I tried to call you--there was no answer--I was worried about you. I had to see you, darling. Please forgive me, I love you!

(seeing the gun)

Don't do it, Roger. I love you... I'm here for you...

ROGER looks down at the gun in his hands.

ROGER

No, you don't understand. I wasn't going to--

SANDY rushes to him and embraces him. She starts to kiss his face and neck wildly.

SANDY

I can't stand it any longer. I need you, Roger. I was wrong--all wrong. I have to have you.

ROGER

(confused by her behavior)

What's wrong with you, Sandy? What are you doing?

He leans back to look into SANDY'S eyes. But SANDY isn't there.

In her place is a horrible, demonic, grotesque WITCH! She is a decaying, hideous, horrific sight, with festering sores and distorted, terrifying features.

She grins evilly at ROGER. She lets out a horrible scream and raises razor-sharp talons toward ROGER. She starts toward him.

ROGER aims the gun at her midsection and unloads both barrels into her stomach. BLAM!!

123 INT. HAROLD'S HOME - DAWN

123

HAROLD is fast asleep in an armchair near the window, but the shotgun blast jars him awake.

HAROLD

(standing)

What the hell was that?

HAROLD runs to the window and peers out.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

In the early morning light, he can make out a figure standing, seemingly alone, in the front yard holding a shotgun.

124 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAWN

124

ROGER gasps with horror. SANDY, his wife, lies on the front walk at the bottom of the stairs. She is extremely dead.

125 INT. HAROLD'S HOME - DAWN

125

HAROLD looks at ROGER through his binoculars. From his viewpoint, the fence cuts off ROGER's body at the waist and obscures the walkway from sight.

HAROLD

Oh jeez, he's got a gun!

HAROLD turns and looks at the phone. He debates momentarily, then runs to the phone to call the police.

HAROLD dials the phone.

HAROLD

(to himself)

Poor guy's gone bananas.

(into the phone)

Hello, I'd like to report a suicide attempt at number five, Forest Knoll Road.

126 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAWN

126

ROGER's eyes fill with tears. He is too stunned to move.

ROGER

(between sobs)

Sandy? Oh my God, no... It can't be... no, it can't... Sandy? Speak to me baby, oh baby, baby!

ROGER kneels next to her and puts down the smoking gun. He sobs uncontrollably.

He lifts her cold, lifeless body into his arms.

He turns to carry her up the stairs.

ROGER is absolutely, completely devastated. He babbles incoherently, in a complete state of shock.

Suddenly in the distance, SIRENS begin to whine softly. ROGER pauses and listens.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

ROGER

(crying)

Oh my God, no!

ROGER rushes into the HOUSE.

127 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DAWN

127

ROGER kicks the door closed. ROGER looks at SANDY'S dead, serene face. Oddly, there is a slight, slight smile on her lips.

ROGER

It can't be you. Something's not right.
It's not you!

The SIRENS are a little louder now.

ROGER

(his face white as a
sheet)

I need time to think!!!

ROGER looks around wondering what the hell to do. He spots the closet underneath the stairs. He rushes to it, lays the body on the floor and opens the door cautiously.

Seeing it is empty, he drags the dead body into it, grabs a rag and closes the door.

The SIRENS are closer.

Scene 128 -- OMITTED

129 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAWN

129

ROGER leaps down the steps, rag in hand, and picks up the gun as two POLICE CARS come screeching to a halt in front of the HOUSE.

ROGER quickly sits down on the porch steps and starts polishing the gun with the rag.

The COPS leap out of their cars, using the doors as shields, and point their guns at ROGER.

COP #3

Don't move! Put the gun down!

ROGER obeys and puts the gun down slowly.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

ROGER
(still in shock)
Don't worry, it's not loaded.

COP #3
Now raise your hands and back away from the gun.

ROGER does this and backs up onto the porch stairs.

Satisfied, the two COPS from the closest car move toward ROGER.

The two other COPS remain by their car.

COP #3
We've had a complaint that someone at this address has been firing a shotgun.

ROGER
(confused)
Um... yeah... I was... just polishing it--you know, cleaning it... and, uh, it went off... by accident... I didn't know it was loaded. Heh-heh...

COP #3
Well, you know it's against the law for discharging a firearm within city limits.

COP #3 pulls out a citation booklet and a pen.

COP #3
I'm gonna have to give you a citation.

ROGER
A citation? Oh, thank you, officer. Thank you, thank you.

COP #3
And we're gonna have to confiscate the gun. You'll have to talk to the D.A. to get it back.

ROGER
(panicking)
The gun? I can't! It's an antique--it's a collector's item.

COP #3
(ignoring him)
Your name please.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

ROGER

(so nervous he forgets)

My name? Oh, um... Roger. Roger Cobb.

COP #3

Roger Cobb...

(recognizing him)

Hey, wait a second...I recognize you. Roger Cobb, right?

ROGER

Yeah, right.

COP #3

Hey, I'm sorry about your kid and all that...

COP #4

Mr. Cobb, I know this is a funny question, but you wouldn't happen to be the same Roger Cobb who wrote "Blood Dance," would you?

ROGER

(this could be his way out)

Yes! Yes, I am!

COP #3

Well, goddamn! Why didn't you say something earlier?

ROGER

Well, uh...

COP #4

Mr. Cobb, I wonder if I could ask a big favor? I know you're probably busy and all...

ROGER shakily pulls a pen out of his shirt pocket, eager to sign an autograph.

ROGER

Of course, I'd be glad to--

COP #4

Could I use your bathroom?

ROGER looks at the COP. Is it a trap? A deception so that they can search the house? Should he refuse?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

ROGER
(trying to keep his
composure)
Why, no... of course. Be my guest... Here,
I'll uh... follow me.

COP #3 turns to his two back-up COPS. HAROLD is standing directly behind him.

COP #3
You guys can take off. We got everything
under control.

The COPS nod with understanding and climb back into their car.
COP #3 looks at HAROLD.

COP #3
Who are you?

HAROLD
I'm Harold--next door neighbor. Pleased
to meet you.

COP #3
Why don't you beat it.

COP #3 turns back and joins COP #4 and ROGER as they climb the stairs.

ROGER looks behind him. HAROLD has invited himself along and tags along right behind them. ROGER gives him an icy glare that stops HAROLD dead in his tracks.

ROGER
Good-bye, Harold.

HAROLD nods sheepishly.

ROGER
(To the COPS)
The bathroom's right here in the hall.

ROGER and the two COPS enter the HOUSE.

130 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

130

The COPS look around. ROGER leans the shotgun up against the GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

COP #3
Nice place.

COP #4 goes to the closet door and is about to open it.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

COP #4
Is the bathroom in here?

COP #4 opens the door about six inches.

ROGER
NO!!!
(he calms down)
The bathroom is there on the left.

COP #4
Thanks.

COP #4 goes to the bathroom. ROGER's eyes dart back and forth from the closet to COP #3. He must think of a way to get the COP away from the closet.

ROGER
So...uh...bet you guys could use some coffee. huh? No, I bet you guys are in a hurry and--

HAROLD
Gee, coffee would be great!

ROGER does a double-take. There, standing behind him, is HAROLD.

COP #3
A cup of coffee would be fine.

ROGER
Well... come on in the kitchen then.

As ROGER leads them down the hall, he slams the closet door shut.

131 INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

131

ROGER puts some water on the stove. COP #3 and HAROLD sit at the counter.

ROGER notices the spilled shotgun shells on the floor... right next to the COP's feet.

ROGER
(shitting bricks)
Instant okay?

COP #3
Sure.

ROGER pulls out the coffee and gets some cups. HAROLD looks down and notices something on the ground. ROGER prays.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

HAROLD

(to COP #3)

Hey, it looks like you dropped something.

ROGER closes his eyes. HAROLD leans over and picks up several shotgun shells. He holds them up. ROGER hates him.

COP #3

(taking a shell)

Do these look familiar?

ROGER

Uh--uh--sh--sure. I... uh, dropped those.

COP #3

I thought you were just cleaning the gun.

ROGER

I was. I was just going to check out the shells too, see how they looked--you know, just check 'em out.

ROGER pours the coffee. His hands are shaking violently.

ROGER

No sense in having a gun if you don't load it at some time or another, is there? A man's gotta have some self-protection in this day and age, wouldn't you say?

COP #3

I wouldn't recommend cleaning a loaded shotgun.

ROGER

Oh, neither would I. So... where's your friend? He should be done by now shouldn't he? Maybe he's lost, this is a big house. I'll be right back.

ROGER exits the kitchen.

132 INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

132

COP #4 is standing in the hallway looking at a painting on the wall opposite the closet.

ROGER

(panicked)

What are you doing?!

ROGER tosses a casual glance at the closet. The door is open about five inches!!!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

COP #4

(surprised)

Just looking at this thing, here on the wall.

ROGER looks at the CLOSET, but he can't see inside without drawing attention to it.

ROGER

The artwork. My aunt was an artist.

COP #4

Yeah, I guess.

ROGER leans over and slams the closet door shut.

ROGER

Well, why don't you come into the kitchen, I've got some coffee--

ROGER turns to go back into the kitchen and runs smack into COP #3!!!

ROGER jolts with fright and lets out a scream.

ROGER

WAAAAHAHAHAHJAGA!!!

COP #3

Didn't mean to scare you. Well, thanks, Mr. Cobb. We'd better get going.

ROGER is all too eager to show them out.

ROGER

Well, thanks fellas, hope to see you again--

As ROGER leads the TWO COPS and HAROLD to the door, he notices that the SHOTGUN is missing! It is no longer leaning against the GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

ROGER blurts the words out before he can stop himself.

ROGER

My gun!

COP #3

What about your gun?

ROGER

(not knowing what to say)

What?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

COP #4
Is there something wrong, Mr. Cobb?

ROGER
No, no, no! No problem.

He opens the front door, grabs HAROLD by the arm and makes sure to force him out the door.

133 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH -DAY

133

The TWO COPS and HAROLD step out onto the porch.

COP #3
Thanks again for the coffee.

COP #4
Yeah, thanks, Mr. Cobb.

COP #3
And by the way, keep these in a safe place.

COP #3 hands him the shotgun shells. ROGER takes them and stuffs them into his pockets.

ROGER
Thank you.

134 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

134

ROGER closes the door and breathes a sigh of relief.

He immediately turns his attention to the closet under the stairs. He realizes he is unarmed. He exits frame for a moment, disappearing into the living room. He re-appears with a lethal-looking fireplace poker in his hands.

ROGER goes to the closet and opens it cautiously. It is empty.

Suddenly he hears something upstairs. He peers up the stairs.

ROGER climbs the stairs carefully, with his fireplace poker, ready to kill.

Scene 135, 136, 137. -- OMITTED

138 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

138

As ROGER reaches the top of the stairs, he sees the door to AUNT ELIZABETH's room slam shut.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

He goes to the door, grips the poker carefully and KICKS the door open.

139 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - DAY

139

As ROGER steps into the room, the closet door slams shut. ROGER steps toward the closet, knowing that whatever-the-hell he's chasing is trapped.

He raises the poker into a fighting stance.

Suddenly from behind him, we see the WITCH, not SANDY, standing at the doorway. ROGER is completely unaware.

The WITCH follows him across the room, carrying the SHOTGUN in her hands.

The tension builds as our hero slinks across the room, ready to confront the hidden enemy in the closet.

As he places his hand on the knob of the door, he is suddenly smashed on the the base of his skull by the butt of the shotgun.

He falls to the ground, stunned by the blow. He turns to see the WITCH covered with splattered blood, pointing a shotgun in his face. She grins.

WITCH

Why did you kill me, darling?

ROGER

You're not Sandy!!! I haven't killed anybody!

WITCH

What about your poor little boy? You killed him.

ROGER

He's not dead!!! You've done this! Where is he?!

WITCH

It was your fault!!! You were supposed to watch him!!!

ROGER tries a different tactic hoping to disarm the WITCH.

ROGER

All right, all right, I did it!!! It was my fault!!!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

WITCH

That's what I thought, Roger--

Suddenly ROGER tries to get to his feet--he's been bluffing. Before he has a chance to fight, the WITCH smashes his cheek-bone with the butt of the gun, then points it in his face again.

WITCH

YOU SCUM!!!

The WITCH raises the gun and aims carefully. She pulls the trigger--only a faint click is heard.

ROGER realizes: THE GUN ISN'T LOADED!

He swings the poker at the WITCH. It's prong sticks in her arm. As the WITCH struggles to pull the poker out of her arm, ROGER scrambles by her and runs out of the room.

140 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

140

ROGER looks back just in time to have the gun-butt SMASHED in his face. He falls in front of his own bedroom door.

ROGER looks up to see the WITCH closing in on him. She raises the shotgun, to crown him over the head with it.

ROGER struggles to his feet and opens the door to his room. The TOOLS float in mid-air waiting to strike. The TOOLS fly at ROGER!

ROGER ducks!

All of the tools STRIKE THE WITCH! The SCYTHE, RAKE and AXE impale the chest of the WITCH, sticking in her bones. The LONG-BLADED GARDEN SHEERS literally chop the head off her shoulders!

The DECAPITATED BODY collapses to the floor. ROGER grabs the SHOTGUN and quickly loads it with the shells in his pockets.

The SLEDGE-HAMMER begins to rise off the floor, but ROGER blasts it with the shotgun, ripping its wooden handle to bits. The other tools remain immobile in their resting places.

ROGER shakes his fist at the WITCH.

ROGER

YEAH!!!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

A FEW MINUTES LATER

ROGER grimaces as he drops the SEVERED HEAD into a plastic garbage bag. He ties the bag with a tie-wrap and starts to carry it down the stairs.

141 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

141

ROGER finishes burying the head in the back yard. He smooths out the dirt with a shovel.

142 INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

142

ROGER has the WITCH's body wrapped in a plastic tarp. He struggles with the cumbersome load.

143 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

143

ROGER drags the body to the middle of the lawn, picks up a shovel and is about to start digging when a voice calls from nowhere.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

ROGER just about leaps out of his skin.

ROGER

YAAAAAH!!!

TANYA

(laughing)

Did I scare you?

He turns around to see TANYA climbing out of the swimming pool. TANYA is wearing the bikini to end all bikinis. She grabs her towel and starts to dry off. She looks like one of those Miss Americas that's just too sexy to win. She acts even sexier.

TANYA

What are you digging?

ROGER

(nervous)

A hole. A big hole.

TANYA

I can see that. What's under the plastic?
A sapling?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

ROGER

A sapling?
(realizing)
Oh yeah, it's an apricot tree.

TANYA

I used to come over and swim when your Aunt lived here. I hope you don't think I'm imposing...

ROGER

No, no, not at all.

TANYA

My name's Tanya, pleased to meet you.

They shake hands.

ROGER

Hello, Tanya. Roger.

ROGER looks down and sees the WITCH'S BODY, hidden underneath the blanket, trying to CRAWL AWAY!!! It slowly inches away from ROGER.

TANYA

Here with your wife?

ROGER

No, I'm divorced.

ROGER puts his foot on top of the mound, trying to keep it in one spot.

TANYA

(very interested)

Oh, really? What a shame? I bet you're lonely.

ROGER

Well, I appreciate the company, but I'm sort of busy--I don't mean to be rude, but--

TANYA

Don't be silly. I can tell when a man wants to work. I can also tell when a man wants to play. We should get together soon-- neighbors shouldn't be strangers.

ROGER

Absolutely. I couldn't agree more. Anytime, really. See you later.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

TANYA walks across the lawn toward the driveway with her back to ROGER. The moment her back is turned, ROGER looks down and sees the WITCH'S BODY, hidden underneath the blanket, trying to CRAWL AWAY!!! It slowly inches away from ROGER.

ROGER BASHES THE WITCH'S BODY with the shovel as hard as he can. Finally he beats the body into submission and it stops moving.

TANYA turns and looks back at ROGER. ROGER stops and looks up, playing it cool.

TANYA

Roger? If you need anything... just call...

ROGER nearly faints. The ugliest thing in the world and the prettiest thing in the world are together at the same time--in his back yard.

ROGER waves to her.

The minute she disappears around the side of the house, ROGER beats the body a couple more times, to make sure it is really, really dead.

ROGER bends over and looks at the WITCH'S BODY closely.

The fingers start to move again slowly. He looks closer. Suddenly the WITCH'S ARM reaches up and GRABS ROGER's hand! ROGER chops at it with the shovel again until it is immobile.

ROGER sees the axe buried in the body of the WITCH. He braces his foot against the torso and pulls the axe free. He holds it up and looks at it.

CUT TO:

TWO HOURS LATER

ROGER finishes filling a small hole with dirt. We move back to see that the entire yard is filled with little covered holes. ROGER removes a blood-stained apron.

144 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

144

ROGER searches through a chest of drawers. He opens the bottom drawer and discovers it is full of JIMMY's junk--Playing cards, his first baseball mit, good luck charms and a fluffy Gizmo doll. He picks up the doll and squeezes it in his hands, remembering the joy and comfort that it brought to his child.

145 INT. WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

145

ROGER has a flashlight in one hand, the fireplace poker in the other. He points the flashlight up the chimney, looking for his son's keepers. There is nothing up the chimney.

146 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

146

ROGER opens the mirrored cabinet. Nothing. Just a cabinet filled with mouthwash and toothpaste.

147 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

147

ROGER takes a deep breath, then swings open the closet door. It is a normal, empty closet.

ROGER kicks the door closed, angry as hell.

CUT TO:

148 INT. HOUSE - MONTAGE - NIGHT

148

of ROGER opening every possible orifice in the house.

Closets, drawers, washer, dryer, oven, refrigerator, cabinets, everything...each time...nothing.

CUT TO:

Scene 149 -- OMITTED

150 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

150

ROGER shines the highpowered flashlight in the swimming pool. He can see the bottom clearly. It is a normal swimming pool.

151 EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

151

ROGER turns to go back toward the house.

He swings the light back and forth, looking closely at the little mole-hills covering the yard.

Everything seems peaceful and undisturbed, but suddenly ROGER hears a scratching sound.

Afraid to move, ROGER slowly raises the flashlight in the direction of the noise.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

ROGER

Hello?

Much to his surprise, ROGER sees HAROLD's GOLDEN RETRIEVER in the corner of the yard, digging furiously. The DOG looks up and sees ROGER.

The DOG bends down and picks up a SEVERED HAND in its jaws and looks up at ROGER again.

ROGER runs toward the DOG, waving his flashlight.

ROGER

(trying to yell and
whisper at the same
time)

Shoo! Drop that! Don't touch it! Bad boy!

The DOG senses that it is doing something bad and begins to play with ROGER, dodging him as ROGER lunges again and again.

Finally the DOG takes off across the yard and down the driveway. ROGER runs after the DOG, but trips and falls. As he looks up, the DOG disappears into the night--the severed hand still in its jaws.

ROGER

(burying his head in
his hands)

Oh Jesus...

152 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

152

ROGER tears apart his desk, searching for something.

ROGER

I've got to find that dog! Where are my
car keys?

ROGER begins to ransack his desk looking for his keys.

The OBNOXIOUS BUZZER rings, scaring him half to death.

He goes to the front door and opens it.

153 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

153

It is TANYA. She looks absolutely stunning. She is beautifully dressed and her hair and make-up are perfect.

TANYA

Hi. Are you ready to play?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

ROGER

(nervous)

Uh... hello...

The camera pans down her, examining her thin neck and beautiful full breasts. As the camera moves even lower instead of seeing her beautiful, firm thighs, we see her kid, STEVE, standing there. He is about two years old and drooling.

ROGER sees STEVE. His face drops.

TANYA

This is my son, Steve. He loves to play.

ROGER

Look, I was just about to--

TANYA

(stepping past ROGER)

Would you mind if we stepped inside? It's a bit chilly out here and I wouldn't want Steve to catch a cold.

TANYA starts through the doorway. ROGER looks behind him nervously, then back at TANYA.

ROGER

Um, actually, I uh... don't know if this is the most appropriate--

TANYA

We'll only be a minute.

154 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

154

TANYA and STEVE step in.

As STEVE turns around, looking at the house, we see that the SEVERED HAND, that was stolen by the DOG moments ago, clings to the back of STEVE's shirt. It starts crawling toward STEVE's neck.

TANYA

I thought you two should get acquainted since we're neighbors and all.

ROGER

Well, that's very thoughtful of you, but I'm afraid you caught me at a really bad time--

STEVE uses his little legs to run past ROGER and into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

ROGER

Hey, little fella, where you running to?

ROGER starts after him, but is stunned by the horrifying sight that crawls toward STEVE's neck.

ROGER starts after him again, his face white, his hands trembling.

ROGER

(panic in his voice)

Steve! Stop!

155 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

155

ROGER chases after him, with TANYA following into the living room.

STEVE runs into the dining room and takes a left.

ROGER puts up his hand to stop TANYA from following.

ROGER

Stay there!

TANYA stops obediently.

156 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

156

ROGER runs into the dining room and chases the laughing child around the table.

ROGER

Steve, don't run!

STEVE heads back down the hallway toward the front door.

157 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

157

ROGER finally reaches STEVE and grabs the HAND. He pulls at it desperately, but it won't let go.

ROGER picks STEVE up in his arms and runs into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

158 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

158

TANYA peeks into the dining room from the living room and steps into the room.

TANYA

(calling)

Roger?

Scene 159 -- OMITTED

160 INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

160

ROGER searches for a sharp implement with which to gouge the HAND. Not seeing anything, he resorts to his teeth and bites the HAND as hard as he can.

The HAND's fingers stiffen and react with pain. They loosen their grip and ROGER pulls the HAND away from STEVE.

ROGER immediately throws the HAND in the toilet and flushes it down.

He sees the fingers claw at the sides of the bowl before slipping into oblivion.

161 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

161

ROGER steps out of the bathroom, holding STEVE in his arms. TANYA is there to greet them.

TANYA

Is everything okay?

ROGER

(as the sound of the
toilet flushing fades)

Steve had to go potty, but we took care of
it, didn't we, Steve?

TANYA

Well, I can see that you two are going to
be great pals.

ROGER makes a gesture to hand STEVE back, but TANYA doesn't notice.

TANYA

Roger, I wonder if you would do me a big
favor?

ROGER

I don't know, I think--

TANYA

(interrupting him)

Great! I need a baby-sitter tonight and
I'd really appreciate it. You're such a
good-looking, nice man. I'm sure Steve will
love you.

TANYA quickly steps out onto the porch and immediately returns
with an armful of diapers and baby clothes.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

TANYA

Here's some diapers. I'll be back later tonight. Thanks a lot, I can't tell you how much this means to me.

TANYA gives him a suggestive kiss, then hands him the diapers and clothes so that he can barely see past the piles in front of his face. She quickly exits, closing the door behind her.

ROGER

Umm, I don't think I can--excuse me, Tanya--

But she is gone. ROGER manages to open the door.

TANYA has disappeared.

ROGER

(calling)

Tanya! I can't take care of your kid!
Tanya!

There is no response.

ROGER

(muttering)

Shit...

ROGER looks down at STEVE, who drools benignly down his chin.

162 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

162

ROGER is trying to write, but his mind is on the T.V. instead. He tries to concentrate, but the T.V. program is winning.

STEVE sits quietly in the middle of the floor, playing with some old toys and stuffed animals.

From another angle we can see that ROGER is watching, "RESORT," an evening soap like "Dallas" or "Dynasty."

And starring, dressed like a slut, is his wife SANDY. She yells across a pier surrounded by yachts at a young generic-looking stud. ROGER watches the show, sick with love for the woman who means so much to him.

The two characters rush toward each other and embrace.

STEVE starts to cry. ROGER looks over at him. STEVE looks up at ROGER and really begins to bawl. ROGER tries to calm him.

ROGER

Shhh. Be quiet, Steve, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

STEVE begins to scream even louder. ROGER tries to plug one ear and listen to the T.V., but it is no use. He gets up and goes to STEVE and kneels next to him.

ROGER

You want something else to play with?
(he looks around)
How about a plastic bag, you little...

This really makes STEVE go berserk. He cries so hard, his little two-year-old heart nearly bursts.

ROGER makes several false starts before figuring out how to pick him up. Finally he manages it and lifts STEVE into his arms and returns to his seat.

ROGER

There, there, there. It's okay. Your mommy will be home soon. Everything's going to be all right.

Soon STEVE stops crying and holds onto ROGER, embracing him as if embracing his father. ROGER strokes his head softly and rocks him gently.

His eyes well up with tears.

Trying to keep from crying, he turns his attention back to the T.V. and SANDY.

He continues to embrace STEVE, then checks to see if he is still awake.

STEVE is fast asleep, so ROGER slowly and gently gets up from the chair and lays him on a blanket on the floor. He covers him with it and looks for another moment at the sleeping child.

He goes back to his desk and picks up the remote. He turns off "RESORT," and sits at the word processor. He turns it on and begins to work.

163 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT

163

BIG BEN and ROGER are in the middle of the jungle.

ROGER

Ben... You're being a jerk! There's nothing out here. Let's go back.

BIG BEN

Hold on...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

ROGER
(scared shitless)
Ben...

ROGER follows partly out of fear, partly out of loyalty to the man who saved his life.

ROGER
Hey, Big Ben, wait up!

ROGER chases after BIG BEN and catches up with him. He turns to look for the rest of the troop. They are gone.

ROGER
Hey, where'd they go? Ben, we've lost them-- we're gonna get hit with friendly fire if we're not careful.

BIG BEN keeps moving toward the hidden menace. Suddenly ROGER hears a twig snap--from BEHIND THEM! He stops. He hears the sound again. It is close by.

Without warning, he falls to the ground, flat on his stomach.

ROGER
(whispering)
Get down!

BIG BEN, unaware, marches forward.

BIG BEN
Shut up, you fuckin' wimp!

ROGER
Ben, get down!

But it is too late. MACHINE GUN FIRE ERUPTS from the darkness. BIG BEN is riddled with a barrage of bullets. His body is covered with holes.

BIG BEN
(screaming)
Aaaaarrgghh!

164 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

164

ROGER has stopped typing. He is sweating, shaking, confused. He looks around the room, trying to determine where he is.

He realizes that little STEVE is gone.

He gets up abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

ROGER
(calling)
Steve?

He hears STEVE cry from somewhere in the HOUSE.

Scene 165, 166. -- OMITTED

167 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

167

ROGER reaches the top of the stairs and looks down the hall.

STEVE is at the door to the WINDOW ROOM, struggling against something. ROGER runs toward him.

As he gets closer, he sees that a CREATURE has a hold of STEVE's arm and pulls him into the room out of sight.

168 INT. WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

168

STEVE is passed over the heads of the unseen CREATURES, in the same way that a PUNK ROCK star would be passed over the audience's heads. We only see the hairy, wet, sloth-like arms pass STEVE toward the fireplace.

169 EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

169

ROGER rushes down the hallway and blasts the door open by ramming it with his shoulder.

170 INT. WINDOW ROOM - NIGHT

170

ROGER looks into the room and just gets a glimpse of STEVE as the CREATURES drag him into the fireplace and up into the chimney.

ROGER
Stevie! Oh my God!

STEVE is being pulled up the chimney, screaming and crying.

ROGER dives across the room and grabs STEVE's ankle.

A horrendous tug-of-war ensues as ROGER desperately pulls STEVE back toward him.

Finally the CREATURES let go and STEVE falls into ROGER's lap, covered with soot. He coughs and cries violently. ROGER picks him up and runs out of the room, closing the door behind him.

171 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

171

ROGER is giving STEVE a bath. STEVE is clean and happy now, as he plays with little wind-up toys in the bathwater.

ROGER laughs and teases him, having a wonderful time.

172 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

172

ROGER puts STEVE's pajamas on and gives his head one last rub with the towel.

The FRONT DOOR BUZZER lets out its cry. ROGER picks STEVE up and goes to the front door.

173 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

173

ROGER opens the door.

TANYA stands there, beautiful as ever.

TANYA

Hello!

(to Steve)

Hi Stevie! Mommy's home.

TANYA tries to pick STEVE out of ROGER's arms, but STEVE won't let go. TANYA tries again, but STEVE remains steadfast. TANYA, uncomfortable, gives up.

TANYA

How'd everything go?

ROGER

Uh... no problem. The kid's an angel.
Slept like a lamb.

TANYA

(to STEVE)

Did you have fun? Was Roger nice to you?

STEVE babbles good-naturedly.

TANYA

(to ROGER)

I knew I could trust you, Roger. You must be wonderful with kids. He's as happy as a clam.

(to STEVE)

Say good-bye to Roger.

She strains to pull STEVE loose from ROGER.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

TANYA
(angered)
Steve, let go! Now, that's not nice,
Stevie!

ROGER smiles at STEVE who won't let go. STEVE smiles back.

174 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

174

ROGER paces back and forth, nervously waiting.

He goes to the window and looks over at HAROLD's house.

ROGER waits anxiously. Soon we hear footsteps as they bound up the porch stairs.

The doorbell rings.

Scene 175, 176. -- OMITTED

177 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

177

ROGER goes to the front door, opens it to reveal HAROLD and lets him in.

ROGER
Hello, Harold.

HAROLD
Here's the beer. We haven't missed the beginning, have we?

ROGER
(hedging)
Well, no, Harold. We haven't missed the beginning, but I didn't really ask you over here to watch a movie.

HAROLD
You didn't?

ROGER
No. Harold, come upstairs with me for a minute.

178 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

178

ROGER starts up the stairs. He looks at his watch. It is 11:55.
HAROLD follows him, sipping a beer, unaware of the fun to come.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

ROGER

Harold, you ever go hunting?

HAROLD

Sure. Me and Pop used to hunt game, go fishing--you name it.

ROGER

You ever hunt raccoon?

HAROLD

I don't think so.

ROGER

Well, that's one of the reasons I asked you over here tonight.

HAROLD

To hunt raccoon?

179 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

179

They enter.

ROGER

Remember when I told you I saw something up here? Well, I guess I was a little hysterical. It wasn't a ghost--it was a raccoon.

HAROLD

(chicken)

No kidding?

ROGER

It's a big raccoon. About the size of a St. Bernard.

HAROLD

Jesus! Cujo, the raccoon.

ROGER

I got him trapped right now, there in the closet. You're not scared of raccoons, are you?

HAROLD

(lying through his teeth)

NO! You serious? I'll help you. What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

The room is still full of the video and film equipment. ROGER steps carefully through the maze of machines and pulls out the HARPOON GUN seen earlier in the studio.

He hands the gun to HAROLD. HAROLD takes the gun gingerly and stares at it with astonishment. As ROGER speaks, he climbs into his protective army surplus gear.

ROGER

Have you ever used one of these things before?

HAROLD

Yeah, sure... what is it?

ROGER

My uncle's harpoon gun.

ROGER follows the line attached to the harpoon gun which leads to a DEEP SEA FISHING ROD. The thick line is attached with a heavy duty swivel to a 130 pound test fishing line that is attached to the reel.

ROGER

We've got this line attached to the rod here, so if he tries to go up through the roof, we can hold on to the thing.

HAROLD

The roof?

ROGER

Yeah, he's torn up a big hole in the roof so he can go out through the attic and feed at night. Then he comes in here and builds a nest.

HAROLD

No shit!

ROGER grabs the fireplace poker which leans against the wall. He hands HAROLD his protective goggles and thick leather gloves.

ROGER

You better put these on. The minute you see him, fire and hit him right between the eyes. If you don't kill him, he's probably gonna try to take off, so hold on tight. You got that?

We cut to HAROLD's face which is drenched in perspiration. He nods with a jitter and downs the rest of his beer.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (2)

179

ROGER is now completely dressed in his army gear, including fatigues, 'Nam boots, military belt and helmet.

ROGER goes to the mattress, picks it up and holds it between himself and the door. It is awkward and droops, but ROGER manages to keep it in front of him.

With his other hand, ROGER holds the fireplace poker.

ROGER

Move back a little farther.

HAROLD obliges and quickly moves to the back of the room. ROGER glances at his watch again. 11:59.

ROGER

Okay, one last thing. So that we time everything right, I'm gonna open the door right when the clock strikes twelve, okay?

HAROLD can only nod. His gun is aimed at the closet, his finger on the trigger, ready to kill.

ROGER

Now make sure I'm out of the way before you shoot that thing. We've got about ten seconds.

ROGER approaches the door cautiously. The silence is almost deafening. Suddenly the GRANDFATHER CLOCK begins to chime from downstairs. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, TEN, ELEVEN... but there is not twelfth chime.

INSERT - The GRANDFATHER CLOCK strikes twelve.

ROGER glances at his watch. It reads twelve midnight exactly. He looks at the door and opens it!

As he opens the door, the twelfth chime GONGS!

Suddenly THE FANTASTICAL WAR DEMON fills the doorway!!!
It ROARS WITH ANGER!

HAROLD stares at the MONSTER with a dumbfounded, paralyzed expression. He is frozen stiff.

The WAR DEMON swipes at ROGER with its claws and almost rips the mattress in half! ROGER backs up and stabs at it with the poker.

ROGER

SHOOT IT!!!

HAROLD can only stare like the idiot he is.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (3)

179

ROGER
SHOOT HAROLD! SHOOT!

The WAR DEMON steps into the room!

Finally HAROLD pulls the trigger and fires the HARPOON into the chest of the WAR DEMON!

It cries out in pain and clutches the harpoon.

ROGER
Shoot again!!!

HAROLD
I can't! The line's attached!

The WAR DEMON steps forward boldly, but ROGER beats at it with the fireplace poker.

As ROGER combats the MONSTER, he turns around to HAROLD.

ROGER
Do something, for chrissake!!!

Suddenly the WAR DEMON retreats and begins to disappear into the closet.

ROGER
He's gonna get away! Hold onto him!

Suddenly the line which is attached to the gun gives a violent jerk from the WAR DEMON on the other end.

HAROLD holds onto the gun, but is thrown off his feet onto his stomach. The WAR DEMON tugs again and pulls HAROLD six feet across the floor.

ROGER decides to help HAROLD and drops the mattress. He starts toward HAROLD.

Suddenly the HARPOON GUN is yanked from HAROLD's hands. The gun slides across the floor and ROGER's foot becomes entangled in the line.

ROGER is flung to the floor by the force of his feet being jerked out from underneath him.

The unseen WAR DEMON which has disappeared into the darkness of the closet, pulls ROGER toward it.

ROGER
Harold! Help me!!!

HAROLD lies there, stunned--unable to move.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (4)

179

ROGER is dragged closer to the closet.

ROGER

HELP ME!!!

HAROLD

What can I do?!

ROGER braces one leg against the wall next to the doorway. Another tug pulls him halfway into the closet.

His fingers grip the molding.

ROGER

(screaming)

Grab onto me!!!

HAROLD crawls on his hands and knees to ROGER and grabs his hand.

ROGER

Pull!

HAROLD

Untangle your foot!

Another jerk and ROGER is pulled into the closet. The only thing keeping him from disappearing completely is HAROLD's grasp which is weakening.

ROGER

I can't! Just don't let go!!! Pull my foot off if you have to, just don't let go of me!

HAROLD

(suddenly brave and determined)

Don't worry, I'm not gonna let go of you--if it's the last thing I--

HAROLD's fingers slip and ROGER disappears into the darkness of the closet. We hear his scream echo into the distance. All is silent except for the sound of the 130 lb. test line unraveling from the deep sea fishing rod and disappearing into the closet.

HAROLD

--do...

HAROLD sees the fishing rod jammed behind the bed post and runs to it. He pulls it out and sets the drag.

180 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT

180

ROGER is being dragged through the leaves and brush of the jungle. He struggles against the WAR DEMON which drags him across vines and bushes.

181 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

181

HAROLD still holds the deep-sea fishing rod, as the line unravels frighteningly fast. It is starting to smoke. Finally the line reaches the end and runs out. The end of the line disappears into the closet. HAROLD stares.

182 EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT

182

ROGER grabs at his ankle and finally manages to untangle his foot. He comes to an abrupt stop, lying on his stomach.

He jumps up and screams for his son.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

His cries for his son are met with a spray of machine gun bullets. He dives to the ground instinctively. He hears the sound of someone groaning and crying out in pain.

He swings his head around and sees BIG BEN lying in front of him on the path, covered with splattered blood.

ROGER jumps up and runs to BEN. He lifts him in his arms and drags him off of the path into the bushes. Machine gun fire rips the foliage above their heads. ROGER drops BEN and lifts his own gun.

ROGER fires into the night. He sees an over-confident opponent fall dead onto the path. ROGER grabs BEN and tries to pull him through the bushes away from the enemy.

ROGER stops and listens carefully. He hears whispering voices speaking Vietnamese and the crunching of boots as the group of Viet Cong approach.

BEN begins to scream in pain. ROGER covers BEN's mouth with his hand.

BIG BEN bites into ROGER's hand in his deranged agony. ROGER struggles to stifle a scream.

ROGER

(whispering)

Please, Ben. Be quiet. They're gonna find us, Ben. I'm gonna get you outta here. Just keep quiet.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

ROGER and BIG BEN clasp hands, trying to give BEN the energy to stay alive.

But the pain is too great and BIG BEN continues to groan and cry through his clenched teeth.

ROGER

Please, Ben. They can hear you!

BEN finally struggles to say something.

BIG BEN

(in incredible pain)

Finish me off, Roger. I ain't gonna make it. Finish me off...

ROGER

Don't talk, Ben!

BEN

I'm dying, Roger. Kill me! Do me a favor...

The ENEMY is very close now. ROGER looks at the knife on his belt. He pulls it out. He looks at BEN's body, full of bullet holes from head to toe--covered with blood.

Without warning, ROGER takes the knife to Ben's throat and is about to slit it. But he can't. He just can't do it.

BIG BEN

(yelling)

Do it! I'm hurting, you son-of-a-bitch!

ROGER shakes his head and brings the knife away from BEN's throat.

ROGER

I can't, Ben. I can't do it. I'm gonna get help. I'll get back to the troop, we'll come get you.

BEN

(in agony)

No...

ROGER turns and scrambles through the brush on his hands and knees. He looks ahead--more Viet Cong. He turns to his left--more soldiers. To his right, even more. He crouches among the green leaves and waits for the right moment to make his break for it.

Suddenly he hears the Cong talking and shouting. He looks behind him and sure enough, they have discovered BIG BEN.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2)

182

Two SOLDIERS hoist BEN to his limp feet. They struggle under the weight of BEN's enormous frame. A third SOLDIER jumps to their aid and helps drag BEN away.

BEN
(screaming)
Roger! Help me, you son-of-bitch!!! I'll
get you for this, you chickenshit!
Somehow...I'll...I'll...get you...

ROGER watches BEN go limp in their arms. He doesn't know what to do.

ROGER
(yelling)
Ben!

ROGER jumps from his hiding place and is immediately faced by the ENEMY.

He blasts away with his M-16, killing several soldiers.

Others return the fire and force ROGER to retreat.

ROGER scrambles away through the jungle, turning to fire occasionally and force the Cong to keep their distance.

A shower of machine gun bullets rip the foliage to shreds around his head and behind him as he runs.

Suddenly ahead of him, in the middle of the jungle, is a DOORWAY. Rays of light blast through the door, blinding ROGER as he runs toward it.

ROGER throws down his machine gun and charges toward the door as fast as he can.

ROGER's boot catches on a root and he falls to the ground with a thud.

The Viet Cong are gaining on him. They shout and charge through the jungle, firing their guns at ROGER.

Momentarily stunned, ROGER scrambles forward on his hands and knees and climbs to his feet.

Finally he leaps through the doorway.

183 INT. AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

183

ROGER bursts through the door still dressed in army fatigues and covered with mud.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

He falls to the ground with exhaustion and cries with joy and happiness. ROGER lifts his head and looks at the open door of the closet--it is normal again--just a plain ordinary closet. ROGER turns and looks at HAROLD.

CUT TO:

THE MATTRESS IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

HAROLD is fast asleep on the mattress. In one hand is an empty bottle of Jack Daniel's and in his other hand is the fireplace poker. Next to him is a flashlight, a pile of comic books, a dozen empty beer cans, a bowl of popcorn and a mountain of Kleenex.

ROGER rushes to HAROLD.

ROGER

Harold, wake up! I'm back! Harold!

HAROLD stirs awake.

HAROLD is unbelievably drunk. He can barely talk, and whatever he can say is garbled and unintelligible.

HAROLD staggers to his feet and starts swinging the poker wildly. Somehow in his drunken stupor, he thinks ROGER is some sort of enemy.

HAROLD

(about to fall over)

I'll save you, Roger--I'll save you!

ROGER

No, Harold, it's me! I am Roger! It's me! ROGER!

HAROLD finally stops and looks closer.

HAROLD

Roger?! Ish it really you? thank
Gaaaawd--

HAROLD passes out into ROGER's arm.

184 EXT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

184

ROGER has HAROLD'S arm over his shoulder and lugs him up the front stairs to HAROLD'S front door.

185 INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

185

ROGER opens the front door and carries HAROLD to his couch and dumps him there. He is completely unconscious.

ROGER exits out the front door.

CUT TO:

186 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

186

ROGER collapses on his bed and buries his head in his hands, exasperated, not knowing what to do. He rolls over on his back and stares at the ceiling, exhausted, terrified, defeated--afraid that he will never see his son again.

But suddenly his expression changes from one of despair to one of inspiration. Very, very slowly he lifts his head. He gets up slowly off the bed and grabs the flashlight.

Scene 187 -- OMITTED

188 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

188

ROGER enters and wipes a cobweb from his face. He finds the light and clicks it on.

He sees the artist's easel across the room and approaches it with conviction.

He spins the painting around. It is the same painting as seen before. But this time ROGER notices an important detail in the corner of the painting--in the mad jumble of images and scribbles is a rendering of the bathroom cabinet...and the reflection of a little boy in the mirror itself.

189 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

189

ROGER climbs the stairs, three at a time, runs down the hall and enters his room.

190 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

190

ROGER goes through the bedroom into the bathroom.

191 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

191

ROGER enters the room slowly and looks at the MIRRORED CABINET above the sink. He moves his hand to it carefully, ready for the worst. He flings it open! Just toothpaste.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

ROGER stares at the cabinet, trying to figure out the hidden clue. His son must be here.

An idea hits ROGER. It's worth a try. He looks around, then spots what he needs. A small stool in the corner of the bathroom. He picks up the stool cautiously, lifts it high above his head, then heaves it as hard as he can at the mirror. The stool SMASHES THE MIRROR! But as it shatters, the stool continues through the glass which implodes. When the pieces fall away, a pitch black void is revealed, hidden underneath the glass! Most of the shattered glass falls inward into the abyss.

ROGER leans his head in. Inside is a monumental black cave. A light breeze brushes against his face.

ROGER grabs a bottle of after-shave lotion and drops it into the depths of void. After about six seconds, the faint sound of the bottle SPLASHING into WATER is heard.

ROGER

Holy shit...

ROGER pulls his head back and goes to the window to the left of the cabinet. He opens the window and peers out and looks to his right.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The outside of the house is normal.

He closes the window and locks it. He goes back to the cabinet and leans into the blackness.

A BLACK, SLIMY TENTACLE reaches out and GRABS ROGER's hand.

ROGER screams!

ROGER

NO!!!

The TENTACLE tries to pull ROGER toward the BLACK EMPTINESS that fills the cabinet.

A hideous, HAIRY ARM, reaches out and grabs ROGER by the throat.

Suddenly more and more of the HAIRY HANDS reach out of the CABINET and grab at him.

ROGER struggles desperately and reaches with his one free hand for a weapon. Finally his fingers come to rest on his straight razor.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

191

He lifts it up and slashes the hands grabbing his throat. They recede into the darkness.

He then slices at the TENTACLE around his hand. Finally the TENTACLE's grip weakens and it retreats into the darkness.

ROGER backs away from the cabinet and is about to flee the room when a familiar sound stops him.

It is JIMMY'S VOICE...calling him...begging him...screaming for ROGER to save him. ROGER steps toward the cabinet again.

ROGER looks into the darkness. Satisfied there are no goblins within close range, he peeks in slowly, bravely risking death or worse for his son. He hears JIMMY's voice faintly calling to him. He screams back.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

JIMMY's VOICE continues to call for him.

CUT TO:

FIVE MINUTES LATER

ROGER ties a rope around the toilet and tugs on it to make sure it is secure.

He grabs the shotgun and the flashlight and crawls onto the sink and holding onto the rope, begins to lower himself into the black void inside the cabinet.

192 INT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

192

ROGER slowly lowers himself down from the opening through the cabinet. Above, below and all around the opening is absolutely nothing. Pitch black.

ROGER swings back and forth, trying to find something to grab onto, but there is nothing. He turns on the flashlight and shines it in each direction, but finds nothing.

ROGER lowers himself farther into the darkness. He is now about thirty feet from the opening and still nothing is in sight.

Suddenly from far below him, ROGER can hear the sound of splashing water.

ROGER

(screaming)

Jimmy!!!

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

More splashing. Then JIMMY's garbled cries. More splashing.
ROGER hears cries and begins to panic.

ROGER
JIMMY!!! JIMMY!!!

ROGER clicks on the flashlight.

A HIDEOUS FACE is inches in front of him. The CREATURE laughs a hideous laugh.

ROGER lifts his shotgun and FIRES! The CREATURE lets out a scream and spirals into the depths below.

ROGER shines the flashlight around in different directions. Suddenly he catches a glimpse of one of the winged creatures. ROGER tries to follow it with his flashlight as it circles him.

ROGER fumbles with the shotgun shells in his pocket, managing to reload the gun.

He gets another glimpse of a CREATURE as it swings by, closer this time. ROGER looks above him and a CREATURE swoops down and smashes into him. ROGER is knocked backward by the blow. The CREATURE grabs the shotgun--and manages to pull it away from ROGER. ROGER slips and nearly falls, but holds on.

He shines the flashlight in the direction of the CREATURE as it circles him like a shark from a safe distance. ROGER catches the CREATURE in the beam of his flashlight. The CREATURE raises the shotgun and points it at him.

ROGER
Oh, God...

ROGER lets go of the rope...

Suddenly there is a SHOTGUN BLAST as the creature fires at ROGER. The buckshot flies over ROGER's head, missing him by inches.

He falls through BLACKNESS for what seems a long, long time.

He hits WATER with a tremendous SPLASH!

He rises to the surface and looks around, shining the waterproof flashlight into the water. Ten feet to his left he can see bubbles and turbulence in the water.

He swims toward the turbulence as fast as he can.

He dives into the black water.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

for the

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

ROGER swims deeper and deeper, following the trail of bubbles. Suddenly the rays of his flashlight catch a glimpse of something. ROGER swims harder.

Fifteen feet below him, JIMMY's hand are stretched out, reaching toward him. He looks up at ROGER, with eyes as wide as saucers.

But SINISTER DARK SHAPES have a hold of JIMMY's ankles and pull him deeper into the dark water until he has disappeared.

ROGER swims harder and finally grabs JIMMY's hands.

He pulls up hard and swims to the surface of the water.

Finally he has reached the surface of the water. He struggles and finally pulls JIMMY up above the surface of the water. But it isn't JIMMY!!!

He has mistakenly pulled up one of the CREATURES instead. It looks like some sort of horribly deformed child. It laughs grotesquely and spits water in his face!!!

He throws the CREATURE away from him and dives down into the depths again.

Down, down, down, kicking as hard as he can. His arms flail awkwardly as he fights off the urge to breathe. He swims faster and faster.

Suddenly directly below him he spots JIMMY again. The CREATURES still hold onto his ankles and pull him down fast.

ROGER swims hard and grabs JIMMY's hands and tries to pull him free.

He grabs onto JIMMY's waist and kicks furiously at the CREATURES.

Finally ROGER yanks him free and ROGER turns and swims for the surface as fast as he can.

Up, up, up, faster and faster.

The surface of the water is approaching. ROGER makes one final hard kick and they break the surface of the water.

193 EXT. HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

193

ROGER and JIMMY lift their heads above the water and cough up the liquid in their lungs. They gasp and pant for air.

ROGER looks around, confused, and then realizes he has surfaced in the pool.

ROGER laughs and cries hysterically and embraces JIMMY with a hug that nearly crushes him. JIMMY returns the emotion and hug his father with all his might.

ROGER plops JIMMY up onto the side of the pool and quickly climbs out of the pool.

He picks JIMMY up in his arms and they embrace again. Tears stream down both ROGER and JIMMY's faces.

They run for the back door of the house.

194 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

194

Carrying JIMMY in his arms, he runs through the kitchen into the dining room.

195 INT. UNCLE BOB'S DEN - NIGHT

195

ROGER, holding JIMMY tightly, runs to his desk grabs a folder full of the printed pages for his manuscript, turns and runs for the front door.

196 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

196

ROGER flings the door open and rushes out onto the porch, closing the door behind him.

197 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

197

There on the front walk stands BIG BEN!!!

Some of BIG BEN's skin has rotted away and all that's left is a heap of ripped flesh and bones almost seven feet tall. He is dressed in full tattered army regalia--a helmet, jacket, fatigues, belt with hand grenades, boots, and an M-16!

A cigarette dangles from his teeth.

BIG BEN

SUCKER!!!

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

ROGER
(realizing)
Big Ben?

BIG BEN
No, it's your fairy godmother!

ROGER drops the folder to the ground, stunned by the gruesome appearance of his friend. JIMMY screams.

JIMMY
(recognizing him)
Daddy, no!!!

ROGER whispers to him.

ROGER
It's okay, son, I'll protect you.

BIG BEN
I've been waiting for you, Roger... you did a bad thing to me back in 'Nam.

ROGER is horrorstruck. He stammers, realizing that this was the only inevitable conclusion.

ROGER
It was you! You kidnaped him!

BIG BEN
Why didn't you kill me? Didn't you have the guts to do it?!

He raises his hand up. Not much of it remains. There are no fingernails.

BIG BEN
They pulled my fingernails out, Roger. One... by... one...

ROGER
(pleading)
How could I know, Ben? I had to take the chance!

BIG BEN
You were just out to save yourself, you selfish pig! You chickenshit!

ROGER
You were my friend, Ben. You saved my life...

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2)

197

BIG BEN

They tortured me for months. They refused to let me die!

ROGER

I would have died for you, Big Ben, I would have!

BIG BEN

Now's your chance...
(as he slowly steps
toward them)

I'm going to kill you...and your son...

BEN throws down his cigarette on the path and squashes it with his boot-toe. He walks toward ROGER.

ROGER

(panicking)

NO! Ben, please!

BIG BEN

You deserted me, Roger. Your best buddy.

ROGER

Please, Ben. You know that's not true.
No, Ben, no!

BIG BEN walks up the porch steps.

BIG BEN

You dropped something.

BIG BEN reaches down and picks up the folder.

ROGER

Please, Ben. Put that down. Let's talk this over.

BIG BEN opens the folder and leafs through the pages. He comes to a page that interests him.

BIG BEN

(reading)

"I put the knife to Ben's throat, but could not bring myself to end his life. While there was a chance--any chance--to save him, I had to take that risk. I know that wherever he is, he understands." That's a bunch of crap, Roger. Is that the best you can do? Huh, Shakespeare?

BIG BEN holds up the manuscript. It BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (3)

197

BIG BEN

A lot of hard work for nothing, huh?

ROGER watches as the manuscript is completely engulfed in flames.
BIG BEN drops the pages and watches them flutter to the ground.

BIG BEN steps toward them.

ROGER

NO!!!

ROGER realizes there is nothing he can do. It is time for him
to save himself and his son. He turns and dives back into
the house.

198 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

198

ROGER slams the door behind him. He sets down JIMMY and puts the
chain lock on the door.

BOOM!!! The door flies open six inches as BIG BEN slams his
massive skeleton into the door, but the chain holds tight.

ROGER strains on the other side of the door, trying to force
it closed.

ROGER turns to JIMMY.

ROGER

Jimmy, go out the back door! Run as fast
as you can!!! I'll follow you!!!

JIMMY heeds his father's advice and hauls ass for the back door.

BEN viciously pounds the door.

ROGER frantically locks four other locks that his eccentric aunt
had installed.

He finally locks the last lock. He holds his shoulder up against
the door, bracing his weak knees and trying to retain his senses.

Suddenly the BUTT OF THE M-60 SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR! The
butt of the gun misses ROGER's head by inches.

199 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

199

JIMMY reaches the back door and reaches up, trying to open it.
But he can't. He grabs it with both hands, tears streaming down
his face and he wrestles with the stubborn doorknob.

200 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

200

ROGER steps back and sees BIG BEN's skeleton face and bright white eyeballs staring at him through the hole.

BIG BEN

You're pissing me off, Roger!

ROGER is in an absolute panic. He looks around frantically for a weapon.

Suddenly machine gun fire blasts through the front door. ROGER falls on his stomach as the bullets whiz overhead.

ROGER crawls commando style on his elbows and knees into the living room, trying to avoid the line of fire.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

201

BIG BEN smashes a window to the living room and starts to crawl in.

ROGER jumps up, grabs a chair and charges BIG BEN. He raises it up and smashes it down on BEN's head as hard as he can.

BEN is completely unaffected. He looks up, surprised.

BIG BEN

Roger! You fuckin' faggot!

BIG BEN climbs through the window and starts toward ROGER. ROGER turns around and decides to go up the stairs, giving his son a chance to get out of the house.

202 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

202

ROGER scrambles up the stairs.

203 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

203

He runs down the hallway and looks at the doors. Where the hell can he go? He gets an idea!

Scene 204 -- OMITTED

205 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

205

ROGER runs into the bedroom and locks the door.

206 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

206

ROGER enters and locks the door behind him.

He goes to the cabinet. The splintered mirror is once again normal with a wood backing. No void.

He hears BIG BEN'S heavy footsteps coming up the stairs.

He goes to the window and opens it.

207 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

207

BIG BEN kicks in the door to the window room.

208 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

208

ROGER starts to climb out the window.

209 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

209

BIG BEN kicks the door in and goes to the bathroom door.

210 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

210

ROGER turns to listen. BEN calls to him.

BIG BEN

I've been waiting years for this, Roger.
Now, I'm gonna put you out of your misery.

211 EXT. HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

211

ROGER climbs out of the window and looks for a place to put his hands.

212 INT. ROGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

212

BIG BEN tries the door to the bathroom. It is locked. He aims his M-60 at it and fires. Only a few bullets penetrate the door, then a clicking sound is heard. BIG BEN is out of ammunition.

He looks down at his belt and realizes that he doesn't have any more bullets.

BIG BEN

Damn! I come back from the grave and forget
my fuckin' ammunition!

- 213 EXT. HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT 213
ROGER inches his way along a drain pipe, hanging from his fingers.
- 214 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 214
BIG BEN busts open the door and enters.
- 215 EXT. HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT 215
ROGER scrambles over the roof top. He reaches a third story window that leads into the attic. He kicks it in with his feet and scrambles inside.
- 216 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 216
BIG BEN looks out the window, trying to spot ROGER. Suddenly BIG BEN hears something, he pulls his head in and listens.
He hears a door being kicked open, and then footsteps.

Scene 217 -- OMITTED
- 218 INT. ATTIC STAIRS - NIGHT 218
ROGER flings open the attic door and bolts down the stairs. ROGER nearly falls in his rush, but regains his balance and runs down the rest of the stairs.
- 219 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 219
ROGER reaches the hallway and runs for the stairs.
As he passes his bedroom, BIG BEN'S hand reaches out and tries to grab him!!!
He just gets by and heads for the stairs.
BIG BEN comes out of the bedroom, chasing him.
- 220 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT 220
ROGER dives for the mattress on the stairway, just as he did durin his practice run earlier in the film.
But he overshoots the mattress and lands on the stairs with a horrible CRASH!

221 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

221

ROGER tumbles down the rest of the staircase, and lands on the hallway floor with a painful thud. He lies there for a moment, stunned, not knowing what hit him. Groggy, injured, and disoriented, he begins to climb to his feet. He looks behind him.

222 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

222

BIG BEN marches down the stairs, relishing the moment.

223 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

223

ROGER gets to his feet and goes to the front door, racked with pain. He struggles with the first lock, shaking like crazy.

ROGER gets the first and second locks undone. He turns around and sees BIG BEN coming down the stairs. BIG BEN begins to chuckle.

ROGER
(struggling with the
third lock)
Come on, you son-of-a-bitch!

BIG BEN is near the bottom of the stairs. ROGER unlocks the third lock then goes to the fourth.

ROGER can't get the last one undone. There is no way out. He turns and looks at BEN.

BIG BEN
You can't get rid of me, Roger. You can't
and you never will.

ROGER looks around for a weapon. Nothing. With no other choice, ROGER lowers his head and charges straight at BIG BEN. He catches BEN totally off-guard and buries his head into BEN's stomach like a free safety blitzing a quarterback.

BIG BEN staggers backward, knocked off balance by the force of the blow and they fall in a heap on the stairs. Before he can react, ROGER punches BEN in the face twice, then tries to pull himself away.

BIG BEN grabs onto his coat with one hand. ROGER pulls him off the stairs onto the floor, trying to get away. ROGER kicks at BIG BEN's face which absorbs the blows with the cracking and fracturing of bones.

ROGER grabs BEN's arm and jerks it violently, trying to make him let go. He succeeds in SNAPPING OFF BEN's arm at the elbow.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

ROGER looks at it for a milli-second, then beats BIG BEN on the head with it.

BEN gets up and limps after him. ROGER smashes him in the face again. And again.

BIG BEN steps forward, unaffected by the blows.

BIG BEN
(antagonizing him)
Again! Again! Come on, Roger--that the
best you can do?

ROGER bashes him again and again. He is almost backed into the dining room.

BIG BEN
I'm gonna haunt you for the rest of your
life, Rog! Give up, pal!

ROGER drops the arm and scrambles into the dining room.

BIG BEN leans down, picks up the arm and reattaches it at the elbow.

224 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

224

ROGER runs into the dining room and tips the table over in front of the doorway to the front hallway.

BIG BEN tears the table away and lurches toward ROGER.

ROGER turns and bursts through the SWINGING DOOR to the kitchen.

225 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

225

ROGER leaps into the kitchen... but there is NO KITCHEN!

226 EXT. CLIFF - VAST OCEAN - NIGHT

226

ROGER falls, but manages to grab onto the edge of the floor before falling downward into a VAST OCEAN.

ROGER looks below him and sees that the HOUSE is perched on the edge of a huge cliff that is several hundred feet above JAGGED ROCKS and a RAGING OCEAN. The WAVES crash against the rocks with incredible force. The wind blows fiercely.

BIG BEN steps casually up to the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

ROGER struggles to get a footing on the cliff, but the HOUSE hangs out too far and the cliff can't be reached.

BEN stands above ROGER. ROGER's fingers strain on the flat surface--nowhere to dig his fingernails in.

BIG BEN slowly puts his boot on top of ROGER's fingers. BIG BEN looks down at ROGER and laughs.

BIG BEN

You lost, buddy. The house beat your ass!
So long, SUCKER!

BEN applies more pressure to ROGER's hand by placing his weight firmly on ROGER's fingers.

ROGER cries out in pain.

BIG BEN looks out over the ocean and casually lights a joint.

CUT TO:

ROGER'S FACE

which is contorted by the fear, the strain, the pain.

ROGER

(begging)

Please, Ben! Please!

BEN looks down and laughs. He twists his foot back and forth. Finally ROGER lets go with one hand. His hand bleeds from the flesh that has been scraped away.

BEN moves his foot over to ROGER's other hand.

ROGER fumbles at his belt with his free, bleeding hand.

BIG BEN presses his boot down against ROGER's fingers.

ROGER finally unbuckles his belt and slides it out of the loops of his pants. He creates a loop in the belt by putting the end of the belt through the buckle.

BEN takes the joint from his teeth and lowers his hand to his side. He flicks the ashes slowly.

ROGER looks up, sees the hand, grits his teeth and swings the belt up toward BEN's hand. Miraculously, he gets the loop around BEN's wrist!

BEN sees the loop and jerks his hand backward, only to tighten the belt around his wrist. ROGER pulls hard, with all his might.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: (2)

226

BIG BEN loses his balance AND PLUMMETS OFF THE CLIFF toward the ocean!!!

BEN lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM as he disappears into the waves below.

He grabs onto the dining room floor with both hands and after gathering his strength, pulls himself painfully back onto the floor.

ROGER peers over the edge of the floor down at the ocean. There is no sign of BIG BEN, just the waves crashing against the rocks.

227 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

227

ROGER stands up and turns around. The kitchen is normal again. Just a plain, ordinary kitchen. He hears JIMMY's voice calling him.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

ROGER runs toward the front of the house, looking around, trying to determine where the voice is coming from.

228 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

228

ROGER runs to the front hallway. The voice is coming from upstairs.

ROGER

Jimmy, where are you!

Scene 229 -- OMITTED

230 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

230

ROGER runs into the room and looks around. JIMMY's voice is in the bathroom.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

231 INT. ROGER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

231

ROGER steps into the bathroom, but the cabinet is the same as before--a normal cabinet.

232 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

232

ROGER goes back into his room, confused, desperate.

Suddenly JIMMY steps into the doorway to ROGER's room from the hallway.

JIMMY

Daddy!

ROGER's eyes light up.

ROGER

JIMMY!!!

ROGER runs toward him.

BIG BEN steps into view, behind JIMMY. BIG BEN is soaking wet. Fresh seaweed and sea urchins dangle from his neck.

ROGER stops cold.

BIG BEN grabs JIMMY by the collar and hold him at arms length in front of ROGER. He holds a huge knife to JIMMY's throat.

ROGER looks around the room, there are no weapons, nothing to defend himself with. But then he stops looking around and stares at the door.

BIG BEN

You think you're clever, don'tcha?

ROGER just stares at BEN. We don't know what he's thinking.

BIG BEN

A few years back, you had a chance to kill me...and you didn't take advantage of that chance...

(pause)

Now I have a chance to kill your son...

ROGER seems remarkably cool. He looks at BEN with a strange confidence.

BIG BEN is slightly nervous about this. His words don't have the usual bite and confidence as before.

BIG BEN

I want you to kill yourself, Roger.
It--it's finally over for you--there's no escape...

ROGER starts toward BEN slowly. The tables have turned.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

BIG BEN

You've given up Roger. You don't want to live anymore.

BEN is afraid, but trying not to show it. He slowly backs up as ROGER advances. ROGER lifts his hand to grab his son.

BEN suddenly lashes out with the knife and CHOPS OFF ROGER'S HAND with one quick slice.

ROGER just continues to stare at BEN.

ROGER

I'm not afraid of you, Ben.

ROGER looks down at his hand. It hasn't been chopped off. It is there, unharmed.

BIG BEN

(desperate, panicking)

The house doesn't want you to live anymore, Rog. Unless you do what I say, the kid gets it!

ROGER stands face to face with BIG BEN.

ROGER

I beat you, Ben...I beat you, and this goddamn house!

BIG BEN

(threatening)

Don't get me mad, Roger, I swear I'll...I'll...

ROGER

You can't hurt me...or my son.

ROGER reaches out and grabs JIMMY away from BIG BEN.

BIG BEN can't stop him. He holds the large knife threateningly, but cannot move.

BIG BEN

I'm warning you, Roger!!! I'm gonna slit his throat!!!

BIG BEN's threats sound hollow and pathetic.

Suddenly ROGER reaches out and grabs a GRENADE off of BIG BEN'S AMMO BELT.

He pulls the PIN out and flings it across the room.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

232

BIG BEN
(panicking)
I'm gonna kill you, Roger. I'm gonna--

He rams his hand, holding the grenade, INTO BIG BEN'S STOMACH,
right through the RIB CAGE!!!

BIG BEN
(hysterical)
NO!!! NO!!!

ROGER
(savoring the moment)
SO LONG, SUCKER!!!

ROGER exits the room, JIMMY in his arms, and slams the door
behind him.

233 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

233

ROGER starts down the hall toward the stairs.

234 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

234

BIG BEN staggers around, shaking his body violently, trying
to shake the grenade loose from his body. He tries to reach
into his own stomach and pull the grenade out.

BIG BEN
(screaming)
ROGER! HELP ME! YOU ASSHOLE! I'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS!!!

KA-BOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the entire house as BIG BEN IS BLOWN
TO SMITHEREENS!!!

235 INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

235

ROGER steps through the door onto the porch.

236 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

236

ROGER stands there, JIMMY's arms around his neck, triumphant.

237 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

237

A TAXI pulls up in front of the HOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

SANDY leaps out of the taxi, but is frozen by the sight of her husband holding her son--standing at the top of the stairs, blood trickling down his face, his hands bleeding and broken, his face bruised and beaten, his clothes torn to shreds and her long lost son in his arms.

Flames leap from the window of AUNT ELIZABETH'S ROOM, as the HOUSE begins to burn in a RAGING FIRE.

238 EXT. HAROLD'S HOME - NIGHT

238

HAROLD runs out of his house and stops, in awe of the sight.

239 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

239

ROGER smiles and steps down the porch stairs. He lets JIMMY to the ground. JIMMY races toward the front gate.

JIMMY

Mommy!!! Mommy!!!

240 EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

240

SANDY AND JIMMY embrace. Tears stream down her face.

SANDY

My baby! I can't believe it... my baby!!!

241 EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - NIGHT

241

ROGER steps down the porch steps with a modest, triumphant smile on his lips.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

THE END